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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 852. SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

The Devil's Press Agents

by

"A Gentleman with a Duster"

What Shall I Take?

This is the question you begin to ask yourself when you realise that you are out of condition. What is the *best* thing for you?

Is the appetite poor? Is there a tendency to Biliousness, Constipation, Sick-headache, Flatulence and discomfort after eating? Are you nervous, irritable and low spirited?

If so, there is strong evidence of digestive derangement. This is the root of the trouble and probably explains why life is out of tune for you.

What you should take—and without delay—is Beecham's Pills. The experience of many thousands of people endorses this advice. Get right again. Secure the return of fitness by taking

Beecham's Pills

Send no money—post the coupon to-day.

The new model John Bull 5/6 Lever Self Filling Pen and the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil presented free with it. The pen has a 14ct. gold nib, iridium tipped and is fitted with screw cap & clip complete. A half-guinea model for 5/6.

Post the Coupon TO-DAY!

before it is too late and receive a

2/6

'Everpointed' Pencil FREE!

SEND NO MONEY

Just post the coupon and you will receive the Pen with the Pencil on 3 days' trial. Don't be too late, make sure of this world's record bargain now.

CUT HERE

Send no money. Applicable to 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 John Bull Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B.," 23.6.23. DATE.....

Offer available only to readers in the British Isles.

A Chorus of Praise

for "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Home Insurance Gift

"Your cheque to hand. No wonder the output of your paper increases weekly, for no other paper is fairer in its dealings."—Mrs. F. Tidswell, 26, Lever Street, Burslem.

"I wish to thank you for the cheque. I shall do my best to advertise your paper with its great Insurance Offer. It is a friend indeed to a friend in need."—G. H. Podbury, 85, Lingard St., Nechells.

"In regards to my accident I must say that you are loyal to your offer and your cheque was very acceptable."—Thomas John Morgan, 37, Clarence St., Mishin Mountain Ash.

"Thank you very much for the prompt way in which you attended to my case. I must say you are in front of all the other papers."—Bessie Thomas, 111, Hill View, Pentwyn-Cymmer, S. Wales.

"Cheque very acceptable after being away from work for five weeks. I think your scheme an excellent investment."—H. M. Saul, 75, Wainwright St., Aston.

Damage by FIRE.

£65 LOSSIEMOUTH.—Mrs. A. CAMPBELL, 7, Baker Lane.

£19: 0:6 FIFE.—Mr. G. NEWBOURN, 2, Pier Head Buildings, North Queensferry.

£12 KING'S LYNN.—Mr. J. CLARKE, Little Dunham.

£10 DEPTFORD, S.E. 8.—Mrs. M. LOCK, 93, Creek Road.

£10 RAMSBOTTOM.—Mrs. R. LANCASTER, 97, Albert Street.

£8 GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. McDOUGALL, 12, Lilybank Lane, Pollokshaws.

£7:15:3 GATESHEAD-ON-TYNE.—Mr. J. M. CUBACK, 6, Church Stairs.

£7:15 STRATFORD, E. 15.—Mrs. C. BENNETT, 47, Arthingworth St.

£7:8:6 MORRISTON, GLAM.—Mr. C. BABB, 510, North Road.

Storm.

DERBYSHIRE.—Mr. P. SHACK, 50, Lordsmill St., Chesterfield.

FERNDALE, GLAM.—Mr. J. SLATTERY, 10, Aberdare Road, Blaenllechau.

Gas Explosions.

DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. A. BELL, Denby Bottles, Kilburn.

KIRKCALDY, FIFE.—Mr. J. P. HOGGIE, 46, Ava Street.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

towards medical attendance for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Typhoid Fever, Smallpox, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "spotted" fever), Measles, Anthrax.

TYLORSTOWN, GLAM.—Mrs. R. GRIFFITHS, 9, Parry Street.

NR. CARDIFF, S. WALES.—Mrs. A. MORAN, 22, High Street, Senghenydd.

BLAENAVON, MON.—Mrs. F. HILL, 13, Rhydymwn Street.

LYE, NR. STOURBRIDGE.—Mr. F. PARDOE, 11, Careless Green.

ABERSYCHAN, MON.—Mrs. B. M. JEFFRIES, 31, Caradoc Street, Pentwyn Tips.

202 more benefits paid Total Now 5,652

LYE, NR. STOURBRIDGE.—Miss L. MILLWARD, 57, Bromley Street.

DUDLEY, NORTHUMBERLAND.—Mr. W. D. MACKELAY, Quarry Cottages, Wideopen.

SHERINGHAM, NORFOLK.—Mr. F. A. VINCENT, 1, Pine Grove, Cromer Road.

WORKSOP, NOTTS.—Mrs. S. E. WAKE, 302, Kilton Road.

BIRKENHEAD, Mrs. C. EBERSTON, 22, Wycherley Road.

BLETCHLEY.—Miss F. A. RICE, Vicarage Street, Woburn Sands.

PONTYPOOL, MON.—Mrs. M. J. WEEKS, 29, Percy Street, Canddilath.

SALTLEY, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. A. ANDERTON, 26, Claverdon Street.

WILTS.—Miss I. SNOOK, Fairfield Farm, Easterton, Nr. Devizes.

GLAM.—Mrs. A. EDWARDS, 169, Gelli Court, Gelli, Rhondda Valley.

Sign now!

BRISTOL.—Mr. H. A. MILTON, 41, William Street, Totterdown.

BEAUFORT, MON.—Mr. G. J. LORD, 7, Furnace Street.

KING'S NORTON, BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. Wm. BROWN, 16, Woodland Park Road.

TREDEGAR, MON.—Mrs. G. LEWIS, 1, Shop Row.

PLUMSTEAD, S.E. 16.—Mr. H. J. WHIFFEN, 22, Armstrong Street.

YNYSDDU, MON.—Mrs. D. EVERLEY, 97, Alexandra Road.

Home Accidents £3 per week.

GREENOCK, N.B.—Mrs. A. ARTHUR, 9, Clarence Str.

PLUMSTEAD S.E.—Mr. R. HASELDINE, 14, Wasdale Road.

LLANELLY.—Mrs. M. A. BROWN, 5, Glamor Terrace.

CLOWNE, NR. CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. W. HEWITT, Laburnham Terrace.

WOOLWICH, S.E.—Mrs. A. E. SCOTT, 25, Dacre Street.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. A. IRWIN, 14, West Street, Coxlodge.

ALFRETON, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. J. HOLLAND, 10, Lawton Terrace.

Are you going away?

The benefits of the "John Bull" Free Home Insurance Gift are extended to registered readers during their stay at Hotels, Boarding Houses or Apartments, both as to Accident benefits and to material damages, the latter being limited to £50 to cover Registered Number's Luggage. Registered readers will be required to show that they have purchased the paper whilst away.

BELFAST.—Mrs. M. O'NEILL, 66, Ardilea Street, Oldpark Road.

DUMFRIES.—Mrs. DONALDSON, 4, Janefield Drive, Maxwelltown.

NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. WORKMAN, 1, Clarmont Terrace, Malpas.

CORNWALL.—Mrs. L. JONES, Wheelvor Bridge, Nr. Helston.

Lack of space prevents us from publishing any more names now.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE

J.B., 23.6.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 23.6.23.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line, averaging six words. Minimum charge, 24s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery (much below ordinary prices). Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A £50/- Capital and four wins guaranteed.—Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London, E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful hints, Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cartmann's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. N. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, Ilkley Street, Manchester.

LINGERIES, CABINENTS, FOULARDS, LONGCLOTHS, Remnants and cut Lengths. Send etc., etc. for free Wholesale Price List. Excellent opportunities for Drapers, Market-men and Hawkers. Large capital unnecessary, no order too small to (Enfant).—A. & B. Levy, Ltd. (Manchester Warehousemen, Dept. 6), 28a, Commercial Rd., London, E.1.

ADVERTISING Fancy goods, Cutlery, Watches, Gramophones, etc. Illust. Cat. Post free.—Kaufman's, Dept. B., 42, Thomas Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

PERSONAL AGENCY.

ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS by selling in your spare time MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS, SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES, WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA, WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc. GRAND VALUE.

Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to PERSONAL MAN'S, Contractors to H.M. Government, 1868, to 1927, Lavender Hill, London.

PART-TIME AGENCY.—An opportunity for persons in regular employment to sell Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Jewellery, etc.; cash or credit; good men.—Apply, J. Turner (Dept. 389), 38, The Arcade, Cruttas Rd., Bradford.

EARN 10s. per day without interfering with your ordinary occupation.—Full particulars, Manager, 180, Old Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary.—Write (enclose stamp) for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co. (Dept. 188), 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus. Central Press (Series Dept. 6th), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of £5/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 148, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD UP a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by Authorities. Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 46 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words). Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. J.), 82, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. Elec. stpd. env.—Morco (H.K.J.), 148, Duke Street, Liverpool.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), Bedroom cheapest, from 4½d; write for free pattern book.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

A NEW SUIT, Costume, Sport's Coat, Boots, Cycles, Watch or Ring on easy terms, from 4/- monthly.—Write for price-list and illustrations.—Masters, Ltd., 97, High Street, Rye.

CYCLISTS! Visit!—Monster 244-page Catalogue of unbeatable Bargains. Cycles at Guarantee and 50/- clear money-saving. Big reductions in Accessories. Real Cable Cord Covers at actually HALF-PRICE. Also list of astounding Clearance Offers—below cost. Both books are free. Don't miss them.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 26, Fulham, Burnley.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at startling Prices. Easy terms. Catalogue of full range of Models post free.—J. G. GRAVELL, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

WOOLS.—Double Knitting Fingering, Sports, Camel, Vest, Shetland Floss, etc. Direct from Scotland. Patterns free.—Grant (Dept. H), 48, Union Street, Aberdeen.

BICYCLE Bargains.—All the world-famed bicycles and the pick of the Coventry makes on terms to suit your convenience. Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Eagles, Enfields, Court Royals, etc., grand machines, from £2 10s. cash; lists free.—George Kings, Ltd., The Great Cycle Dealer, Dept. 88, Coventry.

GENUINE BARGAINS.—SHEETS, GOOD QUALITY (twill) bleached, per pair, sizes 54 x 90, 12/-; 70 x 90, 14/-; 80 x 90, 16/-; 90 x 90, 21/-. SPLENDID QUALITY 16/6; 80 x 90, 21/9. SPLENDID QUALITY DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, bleached, size 58 x 58, 10/-; 66 x 66, 14/-; 70 x 90, 16/6; 90 x 90, 19/-; 90 x 100, 21/-. Trial order will convince. Satisfaction assured. Post free.—A. MOTHERWELL (G), 70, GROSVENOR ROAD, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

MONEY FOR YOU!—Send a postcard for H. Samuel's New Free Book of 2,000 Bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, and see how the next to Factory Prices puts money into your pocket. Free prizes to all buyers. Nickel-Silver Pocket Watch, 7/6, worth 15/-; 4-piece stainless Dessert Knives, 10/6; 18-ct. Diamond Ring 25/-, worth £5. Order early to secure the bargains, or send address and the Book is yours by return, packed with record Bargains.—H. SAMUEL, LTD., 100, Market Street, Manchester.

KNITTING silks in forty-two different colours. Wonderful value in colour by The Dyers. Write for Cards to-day.—Dugdale Co., whose descriptive advertisement of "Polestar" Art Spun Silks appears on page 24. Send your order to-day. Back comes your money if you are not satisfied.

GARDENING.

100 Bedding Plants, 5/-; 4 Geraniums, 4 Calceolarias, 4 Fuchsias, 12 chrysanthemums, 24 Aquarium, 12 Asters, 12 Stocks, 50 Verbena, 12 Foliage Plants, 50 Cyprus, 25 Coreopsis, 12 Pyrocanthus, 12 Marguerites, 50 Bedding Pinks, 12 Gaillardias (12 varieties) posted guaranteed, carriage paid.—Lotts and Son, Nurserymen, 96, Rattlesgh, Suffolk.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG Talking Parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. Livestock list free.—Clemens's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

GREEN.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free.—Harris Tweed Dept., 3, Jamie St., Stornoway.

REAL HARRIS TWEED from Loom to Wearer, reduced to 6/- a yard. All wool, handmade, ideal for Sporting and Nap'ighe wear. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison, Dept. J.B., Carnforth, Harris, N.B.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, and Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Dominion, 98, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

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A LIBRARY AT YOUR DOOR.—All the best Love, Mystery, Detective and Adventure Stories by the world's best authors are brought within your reach, no matter where you live. All full length novels, broad pocket size. A nine-book-at-a-time subscription costs 2/6, and lasts a lifetime. Exchanges cost a few pence only.—Send P.C. for lists.—Desk 31, Imperial Postal Libraries, Fulham, S.W.6.

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AUGMENTED EARNING POWER is secured by training under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE. Unique postal course of spare-time study, all business subjects. Send postcard today for "Guide to Careers in Business."—139 pp., free.

SUBJECTS.—Accountancy, Secretaryship, Advertising, Insurance, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Business Training, Matriculation, Professional Preliminary Examination.

Record Success at Professional Examinations. Many intensely practical, non-examination Courses. Moderate fees, by instalments if desired.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 32, St. Albans.

EFFICIENT Salesmen and Saleswomen are in constant demand. Success awaits you with Copyright Course Scientific Salesmanship. 6/-: complete. Clear, concise, convincing secrets of selling which compel successful results. Particulars free.—Myddleton, 6, Park Av., Blackpool.

MEDICAL. CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own doctor. "Arline" Worm Tablets are a specialist's cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure vilest cases. No failing, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Mitchell Tablet Co., 32a, Chancery, 30-32, High Street, Colner, Hertfordshire.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Exeter Road, London, E.W.6.

PILES Permanently Cured.—Write for interesting Booklet, free, or send 2/9 to Pilitas, 2, Farringdon Road, London.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance, should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper.—J. Brandt Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. B. 2), 98-99, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 2/6 tin, P.P., or write for particulars. "Mentors," 112a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery, Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763K), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages; highly recommended for athletics, cycling, etc. 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD. (Dept. J.B.), 96-98, Worcester St., Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandola restores youth, energy, vitality, nerve force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Forcivale, Ltd., 97, St. Albans.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Dawson, M.R., Specialist (Dept. 2), Medical Hall, 46, Broadway, Crayford.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Elastic Rupture Supports and Surgical Goods of every description. Best quality only at the cheapest prices. Write for Catalogue, sent post free on application.—W. GEORGE, LTD., Dept. J., GREEK STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2.

TOBACCO Craving Conquered in two days. New Antidote spotted. — Write, Tester, 8, Queen Street, London, E.C.

SURGICAL GOODS. Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. Write for free Catalogues (Dept. 2), Blake's Medical Stores, Nicholas Street, Bristol.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself for your child. Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

SURGICAL Goods and Appliances.—Suspensory Bandages, 2/6, 3/6; Potent Syracuse, 4/6; Trusses, abdominal belts, enemas, elastic hosiery and surgical rubber goods of every description; latest catalogue free. Best goods only.—J. H. Charles and Co., West Green Road, London.

Continued on page 25.

Youth in every move revealing,
Grandpa shows "that Kruschen feeling."

Bounding Health

The old boy's as pleased with himself as a puppy-dog with two tails.

At sixty he's just as young in feeling, just as full of life and "go," as he was in his teens. From the crown of his head to the soles of his feet his whole frame tingles with the sheer joy of being alive. It does one good to look at him.

That's what Kruschen has done for him—given him that "Kruschen feeling" of perfect health and happiness.

It's so simple to gain too! A daily tasteless pinch of Kruschen, taken in the breakfast cup of tea, gently and naturally cleanses the system of all impurities. There are six different salts in every pinch, and under their energising influence the headaches and fits of depression, the listlessness and lack of appetite, the twinges of gout and rheumatism—in fact, all the little ills that make life burdensome vanish away, to give place to the vigorous cheeriness that comes from physical well-being.

For Kruschen gets down to the cause of these ills—to the impure blood-stream and the sluggish internal organs. The regular daily dose stimulates the liver and kidneys to the proper performance of their duty, removes all impurities, and sends new, refreshed blood to carry health and vigour to every part of the body.

Take the first step towards renewing health and happiness and the whole-hearted enjoyment of life by buying a 1/9 bottle straight away and beginning the Kruschen Habit of Health with your breakfast cup of tea to-morrow morning.

Tasteless in Tea

Put as much in your breakfast cup as will lie on a sixpence. It's the little daily dose that does it.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

A 1/9 bottle of Kruschen Salts contains 96 doses—enough for three months—which means good health for less than a farthing a day. The dose prescribed for daily use is "as much as will lie on a sixpence," taken in the breakfast cup of tea. Every chemist sells Kruschen. Get a 1/9 bottle to-day and start to-morrow.

PUT A LITTLE AWAY EVERY WEEK IN Savings CERTIFICATES

IN 10 YEARS :-

6d.	per week becomes	£16
1/-	per week becomes	£32
2/-	per week becomes	£65
2/6	per week becomes	£81
3/-	per week becomes	£97
4/-	per week becomes	£130
5/-	per week becomes	£163

REGULAR SAVING PAYS

A SAVINGS ASSOCIATION WILL HELP YOU

No Sore Throat with me!

Take my advice. Place your palate in the care of Craven "A." Let the pure matured Virginia Tobacco, the clean Cork Tip, and pure rice paper look after your health.

MADE SPECIALLY TO

PREVENT SORE THROAT

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

20 for 1/- 10 for 6d.

—"to do you good, and make your meals more nourishing."

1½D only!

Only 1½d. for this magic little packet, which transforms milk into delicious cream-like Bird's Custard!

Thousands of housewives call it "the handy packet." It makes nearly a pint of Bird's Custard, enough to give liberal helpings to an average family. With summer milk the cost is trifling.

Bird's Custard is not only money-saving, but time-saving. With stewed fresh fruit, or a tin of fruit from the grocer's, it provides almost instantly a nourishing, satisfying, and delicious dish.

Bird's Custard goes like cream with Stewed Gooseberries or Cherries.

Also in 6½d. & 1/1 Silvered Boxes, and 1/6 Large Tins.

C.1102

IMPORTANT!

SARTOR RAINCOATS

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Owing to an unprecedented public demand the special offer of the famous SARTOR RAINCOATS at a reduced price must be withdrawn shortly.

At the end of next month the old price will be revived. Until then the great bargain offer holds good and we undertake to supply

THE FAMOUS SARTOR **17/6** CARR. PAID IN THE BRITISH ISLES

But it is most important that you should write TO-DAY.

SARTOR RAINCOATS (Famous all over the world) are tailored by experts from a fully proofed Gabardine with cosy check lining, and are suitable for all weathers.

SEND NO MONEY—Just your name and address on a postcard and we will forward a full range of FREE PATTERNS, Style Book (Ladies', Gents', Misses' and Youths'), and an economic self-measurement form.

OUR GUARANTEE STILL HOLDS GOOD. We guarantee every Coat, and if you are not completely satisfied with your purchase, we return your money in full. WRITE NOW.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING CO. (Dept. J.), 52, OXFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER

MONEY REFUNDED IN FULL IF NOT SATISFIED

Vol. XXXIII. No. 899
Week ending Saturday,
June 23, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

9b, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 5216
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Staggering Figures.

Last year £53,000,000 was paid to the unemployed—enough to provide useful work for them all several times over. Now then, Mr. Baldwin!

The Point of View.

There is only one way really to get those houses into being. They will be built as soon as the nation regards them as it did its shells during the war—things of national importance.

For Ever and Ever.

"Winding up" war time departments in Whitehall seems to be going on for ever. At any rate, they are still engaging staffs for the eternal process. It is time this winding up farce was wound up.

Bleeding the Poor.

Tea is a necessity of life—and is therefore taxed 8d. per lb. The tea companies also make profits varying from 40 to 100 per cent. Between the Exchequer and the Planter the poor shoulder an iniquitous burden.

Humbug!

In a recent speech Mr. Lloyd George said our slums were a "perfect infamy" and ought to be removed. Right, of course; but why didn't he do it when he had both the opportunity and the power?

Put the Bailiffs in.

Germany has a thousand million pounds safely hidden in foreign banks. As she is a defaulting debtor she should be treated as one and declared bankrupt. Then that thousand million pounds would soon be forthcoming.

C.O.D.

The Cash on Delivery system with reduced postage rates for farmers will, if it is introduced, be a real help to the industry. It will deal a severe blow at the type of middleman who is at present busily engaged in bleeding both farmer and consumer.

Tempting Fate.

The political attack on trade unions continues. There is no surer way of driving Labour into the arms of Bolshevism than this underground attempt to clip their wings. Socialism and the Labour Party are by no means synonymous—as every man of intelligence ought to know.

Overlooked.

To all intents and purposes the Army is being drilled on the pre-war lines. Has Whitehall forgotten the war that upset most of the Staff College Theories?

A Case for Action.

Millers who use "improvers" in their flour are, in plain words, guilty of adulterating food. The practice is growing and some severe examples should be made.

Stupendous!

The aerodrome at Wittering, built at a cost of a million pounds and closed since the war, is being reopened by the Air Ministry. Such a rush of energy leaves us breathless.

Who Gets It?

The Budget reduction in the tax on mineral waters costs the Exchequer £400,000, but the price to the public has not been reduced. It is just a nice little present to the manufacturers.

Sailors *Do* Care.

Wholesale desertions from British ships, when these arrive in foreign ports, are taking place. The Board of Trade will find wages and conditions the cause—if they take the trouble to inquire.

At Last.

The Immigration Chief in charge of Ellis Island has "resigned." H'm, it's not the word we should have used, but after annoying the whole world it's only what he must have been expecting.

As Before.

The Disposals Board expect to realise £6,000,000 on the remainder of their war stocks. Judging from the past the real value of these stocks is probably at least twice that. Some contractors are going to be made happy!

Progress.

The passing of the Matrimonial Causes Bill which equalises the rights of men and women in divorce is a tardy admission that our present divorce laws are a pack of mediæval nonsense. But there is a lot more to be done yet—especially in the matter of lunacy.

Quite Right, Too.

American sportsmen in England are taking exception to the practice of distinguishing between "gentlemen" and "players" by labelling the amateurs "Mr." It's a piece of antiquated snobbishness we can afford to discard.

How It's Done.

Last year the Bedfordshire farmers ploughed their crops of carrots into the ground because they were only fetching 10s. per ton. Now old carrots are fetching £10 per ton—because they're scarce. Such blatant robbery should be made illegal.

Exactly.

The Communists say their motto is "To Hell with Education." From the blether they talk we guessed that for ourselves long ago.

Grandmotherly!

The Early Closing Act is not to be repealed this session. Well, we can still *sing* "Britons never shall be slaves," even if it no longer means anything. Bah!

So Ought We.

When they catch a drug trafficker in New York they give him two years in jail straight away. Crime is twenty per cent. less there than before the war. Scotland Yard, please note.

Time, Too.

The disappearance of certain divorce cases from the lists is due to the refusal of the lawyers briefed to be identified with collusion. Looks as though the profession were at last alive to the scandal.

That's the Stuff!

They have a nice way of dealing with profiteers in Belgium. They fine them and compel them to exhibit an account of the prosecution in their shop for a month. If this were done here food prices would soon come down with a run.

Britain Pays.

We have just paid £15,000,000 to America as interest on war debt, but reparations from Germany are as far off as ever. This is the time when the taxpayer feels it is *not* more blessed to give than to receive.

Along with Opium.

Poison gases have been found valuable for medicinal purposes. If the Geneva Conference were, for once, to be bold and restrict their manufacture for this purpose only, it would have the support of all civilised nations.

Well! Well!

To save time in police courts it is suggested that evidence should be recorded in shorthand. It's wonderful how they think of these things. No wonder business and bureaucracy are total strangers!

An Overdue Restriction.

The L.C.C.'s. proposal to restrict flag days to a few important charities will have everyone's support, and will put a much-needed check on the activities of certain limelight seekers. Most of them are nothing but an irritating form of petty blackmail.

The Coming Fight.

The impending battle between railway companies and traders over the reduction of rates will shortly precipitate a first-class crisis among the unions. We repeat that strikes are antiquated and useless, and look to the men's leaders to find some better method of dealing with the situation.

The Juggernaut.

Arthur Handaley, the driver of a char-a-banc, was fined £6 by the Chertsey Bench for dangerous driving. At thirty miles an hour he collided with a taxi, dashed into a column of boy scouts, causing several casualties, and ended his career on the greensward within eighteen inches of a ditch. It seems cheap at the price.

A Married Man's Darling.

The tragedy of the death of Bradley P. Smith, of Bowdon, has a moral for Mrs. Nellie Ward, of Urban Drive, Altrincham. He was a married man and she a married woman, yet she went to Chester races with him, and had taxi rides and drinks at his expense. In the end Smith wrote the sad message for his wife, "I cannot face it," and drowned himself in the Bridgwater canal. Perhaps Mrs. Ward will leave other women's husbands alone after this.

He Deserved the Cat.

Only a brute could be so cruel as George Edward Evans, of Princess Street, Hurst, was to his son. The lad was found locked in a bedroom. He had two black eyes, was black and blue about the forehead, with the mark of a strap, ending in a cut, round his neck, and had to be treated in a hospital. Evans is now serving only fourteen days in prison. He must have been born under a lucky star.

Good for Romford!

The Romford Bench, with Sir Joseph Broadbank in the chair, refused the permission applied for by the Romford Guardians to emigrate to Canada four adopted children, one aged 13, two aged 10, and one 6. Gibbons, the historian, relates how a century or so ago the London Guardians disposed of children in their charge to the manufacturers of the North as slaves to the loom. All honour to the Romford Bench for checking the transportation of little children.

A Prisoner's Wife.

After securing the conviction at the Old Bailey of Frank Johnson, a traveller, who was sentenced to 18 months' hard labour for receiving stolen postal orders, Inspector Gillan, touched by the plight of the prisoner's wife, took up a collection for her in court. The big-hearted inspector knows full well that the saddest side of sending a wrongdoer to prison is that it inflicts punishment on any innocent persons depending on him.

Heroism—and a Reward.

A man with a criminal record numbering many convictions, showed that he had good stuff in him by saving the life of a child. More than two years after, when he was in the dock at the London Sessions, charged with theft, a well-dressed man stepped forward and said: "He saved my child's life. I am willing to employ him at once." The Recorder accepted the grateful father's offer, and the prisoner has been given a chance to begin life afresh. The good in him which prompted him to risk his life for the child should prevent him from letting the father down.

The Everlasting Fear.

Messrs. S. F. Goss, Ltd., Chemists, of 460, Oxford Street, had employed Percy George Grimshaw for 12 years and found him "an excellent servant." Then suddenly they dismissed him because he was not a "practical chemist." It is a pity that Messrs. Goss did not find out that Grimshaw was not the sort of man they wanted when they first took him on. At the age of 36 he could have found another job. Thrown on the streets at the age of 48 the dread fear of unemployment drove him to suicide. The poor, who know this fear, alone realise what he felt!

Lucky Dog!

A Gudworth miner, Arthur Roberts, stole the young pig belonging to Mrs. Lavinia Shaw, a widow, killed it, and cooked the pork to feed his dog. For doing this he had to pay a fine of 40s. Had he stolen the pig to feed a starving family some magistrates would have sent him to jail.

A Hint to the Mayor.

The Mayor of St. Helen's has expressed astonishment that fourteen persons are living in a cottage in the town which has only two bedrooms. Why? As head of the health authority he ought to have been advised of the existing conditions, before the revelation was made in the police court. Now his influence should be used to make life worth living for some St. Helen's people.

Two Cruel Cowards.

The leniency meted out to cowards who work unfit horses is still too apparent. Two brutes, Archibald Tennant and Henry M'Ilvenny, Glasgow, were each fined only three guineas for making their horses work while the poor animals were suffering from suppurating sores on the back, one of the beasts collapsing in the street. Such disgraceful cases of cruelty should be more fittingly punished.

Negligence and Humbug.

John Lomas, of Hoyland, wounded in the war, underwent nineteen operations before death ended his trials. His widow and three children are suffering in the amount of their pension. At the inquest the pension authorities declined to produce certain documents. A Deputy Commissioner did attend the adjourned inquest with the papers, but he claimed Crown privilege, and would not produce them until the Coroner insisted. Hoyland should ask its M.P. to demand an explanation.

Died of a Broken Heart.

Troubles did not come singly to poor old Benjamin Hollins, aged 61, of Clayton Road, Bradford. First he lost his job as a woolcomber and failed to find another. Nobody seemed to want him. Then he received notice to quit his house, and that proved to be the last straw. The poor old man washed himself, put on a clean shirt, went to bed, turned on the gas, and lay and waited for death. A verdict of temporary insanity was returned at the inquest. Died of a broken heart would have been nearer the mark.

Familiar Fee-snatching Methods.

We are asked our opinion of the methods of Walter E. Hindes & Co., of 30, Old Broad Street, London, E.C., who advertised for ambitious men seeking a sound, remunerative occupation, and sent applicants two typewritten pages of vague generalisations winding up with a request for 5s. for full particulars of their scheme. Though the name of the firm is new to us, their methods are familiar as those of many fee-snatching agencies which we have exposed, and are not to be commended.

State Socialism Fares.

Hot-headed, red-headed Communists ought to learn much from the fact that in order to avoid national loss on the undertaking, the Australian (Labour) Government has decided to scrap its State-owned Shipping organisation. Also the output of the Russian oil industry since its nationalisation by the Soviet has been reduced from 8,875,000 tons in 1914 to 3,559,000 in 1918, and only increased to 4,656,000 during the past comparatively tranquil years. There are now 1,710 wells as compared with 4,085 before nationalisation. And the Red-Heads would like to do the same with Britain. Some hopes!

Pension Blunders.

When a widow of Ystrad applied for a pension on account of incapacity through gastritis and neurasthenia it was refused. When a member of Parliament took up the case the decision was reversed. How many war victims are unfortunate enough not to excite the sympathies of an M.P.? It's about time somebody woke up.

Kick him when he's Down.

When he was charged with absconding with workhouse clothing at Bradford, Samuel Elliot said that he sold the clothes while tramping all over England to get work. Despite the fact that he had been an inmate of the workhouse for fifteen years and had a good record the magistrates sent him to prison for a month. Sheer callousness.

A Degenerate Beast.

Imprisonment only is still insufficient punishment for degraded beasts like James Laing, 150, Dalry Road, Edinburgh, who was convicted at Edinburgh Sheriff Court for indecent conduct towards two young girls. Something more drastic and painful than confinement in prison might effectively teach such degenerates a lesson.

Beware of George Clark.

We continue to receive complaints regarding the defaults of George Clark, of Regent Street, London, W. This man is one of the most notorious of many swindling turf accountants, whom we have from time to time exposed, and his depredations of the pockets of trustful punters are assuming the proportions of a public scandal. Unfortunately, in the present state of the law the public have little protection against such a scoundrel, and we can only repeat our warning to beware of his wiles.

A Mail Order Fortune Teller.

Now that the Postal Authorities are so keen on prying into people's private correspondence in the hope of discovering lotteries, we are surprised that they do not intercept the touting circulars of a Dutch fortune-teller, who calls himself Professor C. Van de Zaar, and offers to predict the future for ten shillings. Such mountebanks are prosecuted if they practise their arts in this country, and should not be permitted to delude credulous folk through the post.

Ministry of Pensions Injustice.

A monstrous injustice is being inflicted upon many temporary clerks employed by the Ministry of Pensions. Large reductions in the staff are taking place, and those clerks who have not taken the holidays, to which they are entitled at the time of receiving notice, are compelled to lose them and deprived of pay in lieu of leave. It is not surprising that pensioners show distrust of Major Tryon when he treats his own staff in such a scurvy fashion. The matter should be brought to notice in Parliament.

A Typewriter Trickster.

It is time the police put a stop to the activities of a mysterious individual who advertises a typewriter for sale and offers to send it on receipt of cash. A month or two ago he called himself Thatcher and wrote from an address in Rotherhithe, declaring that he had bought the machine as a Christmas present for his daughter, who had since died. Now he is operating from 32, Jubilee Place, Chelsea, under the name of Henry Martin, and says the machine has been left with him for debt. A reader who sent a cheque for £4 10s. to the first address is still mourning the loss of his money, and there are doubtless many others.

Hanging a Dog.

Because his dog would not tackle a rat which he loosed from a cage, Albert Symons, of Abbotts Kerswell, Devon, hanged it by a rope from an apple tree. After hearing this callous admission, a majority of the Newton Abbot Magistrates considered there was no deliberate cruelty, and the case was dismissed. Our retort to the magistrates is to give the hanging business a trial—on themselves.

Pettifogging Educationists.

The Bristol Education Committee need to be brought sharply to book for their practice of dragging respectable tradesmen to Court simply as a warning. They seem to specialise in summoning newsagents on purely technical offences against the Employment of Children Act merely in order to parade their own questionable authority. Someone has found mischief for their idle hands to do.

Methylated Spirits Drinking.

Many homes are being made unhappy, and more will be ruined by methylated spirits, unless the Government acts promptly. Henry Abson, of Leeds, is one of its victims. A greater love than that he had for the four poor children he had for the poisonous stuff. Now he is in jail for neglecting his little ones. There will be others in prison cells if the Government does not regulate the sale of this poison.

The Cure for Socialism.

Lord Emmott hit the nail on the head in the House of Lords when he told the Peers that unemployment and privation were the breeding grounds of Socialism. "None of us in this House," he said, "knows what it is to go hungry. None of us has had need to pawn his boots." That is real put-yourself-in-the-other-fellow's-place insight. If the politicians will only give trade a chance to boom again we shall hear very little of Socialism, Bolshevism, or any other "ism."

Not So Lovely.

Mr. Stewart, the Canadian Minister of Emigration, referring to a newspaper complaint regarding the 200 emigrants shipped from Stornoway to Alberta, stated that an official report was satisfactory. The adult males of 50 families were at work on the farms and the families were comfortably housed in a large building. Fifty families in a building separated from their menfolk is not quite the idyllic picture that emigration authorities and shipping companies present as a lure to the land hungry.

More Yellow Undesirables.

White women's association with yellow men and blacks is a serious menace to Merseyside morality, but activity is being shown by the Liverpool police who raided a den in Pitt Street last week. Many women have their part in shameful scenes in dens where fan tan, dice, Chinese dominoes, and even more fascinating and ruinous gambling is indulged in. Nights almost of horror are spent. The deportation of some of the known leaders will clear up the moral mess. It is the only way.

Foreign Waiters.

"The manager of one of the leading hotels in the North of England" has given a newspaper half a column of eulogy of the excellences of foreign waiters compared with British. An English head waiter in drawing our attention to this declares that "the filthy habits of German waiters behind the screen are enough to poison anyone." We think it is likely that he sees a good deal more of what goes on than the manager aforesaid. At any rate we do not want our food served by hands that may be stained with the blood of our sons.

Milk Poisoning.

Thanks to contaminated milk two deaths have occurred weekly in Bradford from consumption. This scandalous state of affairs is to be altered. The stable door is to be locked now that the horse has been stolen. But what of other cities which are being depopulated through impure milk? The problem should be dealt with nationally.

Shun the Quacks.

When he had contracted that unpleasant skin complaint known as baker's dermatitus, Ernest Ryding, of Chorley, went to a woman "quack" in the town instead of relying upon medical advice. The consequence was that his cure was delayed. Such foolish men would be saved from suffering if "quacks" were permanently put out of business. As they ought to be.

Workers' Generosity.

It is good to hear a civic head of a town praising the generosity of the working classes in their support of a charitable institution, and it is for this reason that the remarks of the Mayor of Nottingham should be noted. Speaking in connection with the Children's Hospital and Free Medicine Fund he deplored the poor support given by the well-to-do, and said the working class had shown unbounded generosity. It is always the poor that help the poor.

FOUND WANTING.

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THERE are times in every life when an accumulation of difficulties and misfortunes induces the mood of desperation.

This may issue in recklessness, unreasoning anger against fate, loss of principle, action out of keeping with the previous tenour of one's conduct, sudden yielding to temptation, and so on.

No man can ever be quite sure of himself. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Emergency sometimes produces strange revelations. Our moral reserves may prove equal to a prolonged strain yet fail at an unprecedented crisis. Who knows his own breaking point?

We sometimes hear of a calamitous crash of affairs which brings a big man down and humbles a once proud name in the dust.

Then out comes a story of shifty methods and illicit devices to stave off ruin.

"Hypocrite!" shouts the world; but the world is wrong. Not a hypocrite, but a weakling who thought himself strong, should be the verdict.

Though this may explain a failure of character, it does not excuse it.

We should be ever on the watch against our weaknesses and honest with ourselves in dealing with them, for it is these that betray us when the testing time comes.

A single flaw in the castings of an otherwise mighty engine has before now been the cause of one of the worst railway disasters on record.

A slight miscalculation of the stresses on an aeroplane wing eventuated in an international tragedy.

Few men are perfectly honest with themselves. The fault they are most reluctant to admit even to themselves is usually the one most likely to work their undoing.

No moral collapse is ever really sudden; it has its beginnings far back and hidden away in our undisciplined propensities.

There is nothing in life half so important as self-mastery, for on it nearly every other good depends.

Lots-soap-not.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch Rural Council has got the economy bee well in its bonnet. It has made the fateful decision not to purchase disinfectant soap for the occupiers of houses in which notifiable diseases have occurred. And yet a bar of soap is much cheaper than the fever hospital.

Watchful.

Nothing escapes these Treasury watch dogs. Recently the accounts of a department in the north of Scotland were found to be out by sevenpence. Two inspectors and an assistant spent ten days on the spot chasing that sevenpence at our expense. They found it, but the taxpayer will have to find seventy times seven in shillings to meet the bill.

Accommodation Addresses.

The proprietor of the old-established letter bureau at 34, Great Windmill Street, W., has complained of our recent criticism of "accommodation addresses," which are so useful to crooks, swindlers, credit-exploiters and rogues of that kind. The business carried on at 34, Great Windmill Street cannot, as we willingly admit, be classed with these. Its conduct has always been regarded by the authorities as satisfactory. But there are others—and they deserve everything we said about them.

Captain and Chaplain Too.

We mourn with our Scottish readers the death of the Rev. Dr. Bruce McEwan, of Oldmachar Cathedral, Aberdeen, at the early age of forty-seven. On the outbreak of war he doffed his black gown and donned khaki as a combatant, was more than once wounded and earned distinction by his great gallantry. He was beloved by every soldier of the Royal Scots, to many of whom he was both captain and chaplain. It is not our custom to publish obituary notices, but the splendid example of his life makes this exception a worthy one.

A Cad and a Car.

In declaring Joseph Jackson, a Leicester woodwork manufacturer, guilty of being drunk in charge of a car and driving to the public danger, the Chairman of the Skegness Magistrates said they had debated whether they should send him to prison or not. Seeing that he turned a corner on two wheels, and then ran on to the pavement, carrying a passer-by through a brick wall, we must agree with them that "he deserved it." Then why, in heaven's name, did they merely fine the cad?

Must More Children Die?

A few hours after an operation for adenoids and tonsils, Olive Roberton, the four-year-old daughter of a Hove 'bus conductor, was removed to her home and died the next day from convulsions. How much longer does the local Education Committee intend to ignore the recommendation made some time ago by their Medical Officer, that the little patients should be kept in hospital for a few days after such operations, and that eight beds in the Children's Hospital should be reserved for the purpose. Must more children die before they will act?

A Pension Tragedy.

Frederick Charles Marding, of Barnsbury, was invalided from the Army after the South African campaign with heart disease and given a pension of 17s. 6d. He rejoined on the outbreak of the Great War, and was discharged with a pension of 22s. 6d., his heart trouble having been aggravated by military service. This pension was reduced to 18s. and then to 13s. Last month it was stopped altogether, and last week he committed suicide. Is Major Tryon still pleased with his methods of economy?

Home, Sweet Home

IN the circulars issued appealing for emigrants to Australia, it is stated that there are openings for men willing to work, and that more settlers are needed.

A man who is immensely interested in this idea is Mr. J. Burdock, of 41, Liverpool Road, Canning Town, London, E. He is one of the unemployed at home, compelled to live upon the dole. He wants to go to Australia, not only because of its boasted inexhaustible resources, but because he has been offered work there by a responsible man in a big way of business—Mr. Hedger, of the Australian Timber Company, Limited.

Surely this is exactly the kind of man that Australia wants! But he cannot get past the barrier of Australia House. He wants to get an assisted passage to Australia, an Australian employer wants him, and is willing, not only to give him employment, but to nominate him for an assisted passage, and to pay part of his expense therefor.

Australia House is still appealing for emigrants. But it will not take Mr. Burdock.

The bar against him is that he lived in Australia for some time before the war! True, that is why his employer wants to get him back, knowing him to be a good man.

Burdock left Australia at his own expense to come home and join the British Army. He might have gone back as a repatriated soldier, but did not because, at that time, he had not this offer of employment.

Do the Australian people approve of the regulations that punish a man who threw up his job in Australia to come home to fight?

Do they think it better to take out people who do not know the country and have to risk making good there? Do they want inexperienced people who may find themselves unemployed and thrown on the labour market?

We do not believe they do. We believe that this regulation was not intended to debar *bona fide* emigrants of good character with a good war record, and with definite employment awaiting them. If such a man is refused there must be something wrong with the organisation.

There should surely be some power for getting over the inelasticity of regulations which produce such obvious injustice.

On previous occasions we have appealed to Sir Joseph Cook, the High Commissioner. We do not know whether there is any advantage in doing so. Mr. Burdock's employer in Australia is apparently a personal friend of Sir Joseph Cook, and wrote to him asking if he could help Burdock to come out. He concluded his letter with kind remembrances to Lady Cook and the children, and with the best of wishes and regards.

This polite letter was left unanswered!—and Burdock is still waiting for Australia to fulfil her pamphlet promises.

A Bib and Bottle Battleship

Famous Training Ship Fiasco

THE whole tribe of Officialdom are experts in the art of spending the greatest possible sums of other people's money to the smallest possible advantage, but for sheer waste and stupidity the instance we give below would be hard to beat.

IN these days of crying need for economy in our public services is there any justification for the lavish expenditure on the training ship *Exmouth*, owned and run by the Metropolitan Asylums Board?

Those who pass down the noble Thames river will see lying off the Essex shore at Grays what looks to be a great old man-o'-war, reminding one of the wooden walls of old England, of the fighting *Temeraire* at her last anchorage, or of the noble *Victory* which saw the death of Nelson at Trafalgar, when England saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example.

It is the training ship *Exmouth*, and so far as these historical associations are concerned it is a fraud.

It is an imitation old warship, a faked-antique, built less than twenty years ago, and its career and utility seem to be as dubious as its counterfeit presentment of great naval impressiveness.

But it costs a King's revenue to keep up.

Something like £60,000 a year is spent annually on this ship, and if we could recover the amount that has been sunk on this vessel since it took up its station it would be enough to build a valuable fighting ship for the Navy.

The ostensible purpose of this floating white elephant is to be a training ship for 'pauper boys, to bring them up in nautical surroundings and in an atmosphere impregnated with the sea and its traditions.

Little orphan boys are sent there at the charge of the Poor Law Guardians up and down the country, but chiefly in London. For each of these boys the Guardians pay well over a pound a week, and about seven hundred boys are put through a training there every year.

They are taken in from eleven years of age and, in some cases, even younger. They are kept at school until they are fourteen on board the ship. Then their technical instructions begin. After six months of this they are discharged "for work on the sea."

A boy, therefore, who goes to the ship at eleven years of age spends three years there, costing the ratepayers nearly two hundred pounds, an amount which few working people can afford to spend on the education of their children.

After this heavy expenditure of the ratepayers' money, they are taken through a six months' training, and are then supposed to be ready to begin a sea-faring career.

One would like to ask the Metropolitan Asylums Board if it can tell us what proportion of the boys so expensively trained follow the sea as a permanent career. It would be appropriate if they stated this in their pamphlet on the *Exmouth*. It would be more satisfactory to the ratepayers than the congratulations as to the smartness, good order, cleanliness and discipline of the *Exmouth* politely tendered by the courteous Admiral Togo of Japan.

The ratepayers have no guarantee that the boys on whom they have spent so much money derive, as a whole, any real advantages for a future career. There is no satisfactory evidence in any case.

And the Board of Trade, which has training ships under its own auspices, gives no countenance to this expensive system of the Metropolitan Asylums Board. It does not take any boy into training until he is practically sixteen, and considers it entirely contrary of the best interests of the Service to send lads to sea at just over fourteen years of age.

The *Exmouth*, therefore, with all its expense, with its imitation naval administration, with its dummy old three-decker appearance, is pursuing the methods as a training school in direct conflict with the ideals of the Board of Trade, the premier authority in the training of lads for sea, and the ruling body in all matters connected with the mercantile marine in which the future of these boys largely purports to be spent.

We suggest that this whole elaborate and costly system should be scrapped, and that boys chargeable to the public should be educated ashore at far less expense. When they have reached the proper age they can be trained in three months, as Board of Trade boys are trained, to be ready to go to sea.

The ratepayers might be willing to pay for three months' training, which is all that is required. They are entitled to protest against the heavy cost of more than three years' lavish expenditure, which does not appear to put the boy in any more favourable position, but rather less.

The business needs thoroughly overhauling. The Metropolitan Asylums Board should restrict itself to its own functions of looking after the insane, of establishing asylums for the reception and relief of the sick and infirm, instead of maintaining so pretentious and unnecessary a floating school at the expense of ratepayers, who themselves have often no resources than the "dole."

Money-Making Prayer Monger

"MORE things are wrought by prayer than this world wots of." An interesting comment could be made on this statement by Mr. F. L. Rawson, of 4, Marble Arch, London, W. 1.

Mr. Rawson is a great exponent of prayer. Incidentally, he collects a great deal of money.

During the war he came into prominence as the founder of a "Society for Spreading the Knowledge of True Prayer," and, at an office in Regent Street, he conducted prayers for people in the field whose names were sent to him. He says that all these, except, he thought, one, came through safely.

Had he been good enough to extend his operations to everybody who fought, there would have been fewer casualties in that great conflict than in an ordinary railway accident. This great boon, however, was withheld from humanity.

Rawson confined his gifts for saving life to those whose friends stimulated him by paying out their money, and it is the financial side of his praying dexterities that is most remarkable.

There seems to be an enormous amount of money in it. There is a special company called the Crystal Press, Ltd., which was formed for the sole purpose of publishing books on these matters.

One is called "Life Understood," which you can buy in morocco binding for the negligible sum of 35s. There are dozens of others.

There are dozens and dozens of centres for the study of prayer—on the Rawson system. They are not confined to London; you will find them in Chicago and New York, in Edinburgh and Johannesburg, in Salt Lake City and Upper Norwood, in Norwich and Coronada Beach, at Leigh-on-Sea and Hudson's Hope on the Peace River, Canada!

You can call upon Mr. Rawson and learn all about audible "treatments" and the knowledge of truth. You can listen to a lecture, for which you pay a shilling, and you could have a consultation "limited to fifteen minutes," if you paid two guineas.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," says Mr. Rawson. It seems to be the only thing free about the whole Rawson mystery.

A half-crown lecture touch was a great speciality during the war. But the advantages which Mr. Rawson has to offer to humanity have not passed away since the peace broke out. To-day you can join a correspondence class under the auspices of Mr. Rawson in which you will get seven lessons dealing with the "object of life in the world of reality!"

Mr. Rawson certainly lives in a world of reality. And his view of the object of life permits him to charge five guineas for these seven lessons which are obligingly sent to you by post.

Wherever there is anguish, wherever there is suffering, Rawson is willing to come to the rescue. Enquiries are answered gladly and fees collected with systematic and earnest-minded devotion. What a game!

Appalling Frauds at the War Office

THE publication of "Army Accounts 1921-1922" was a step which doubtless the War Office would gladly have avoided had it not been ordered by the House of Commons. This Blue Book contains amazing accounts of frauds, thefts, and losses of huge sums of public money. No more damning disclosure has ever been made. Out of their own mouths are the War Office spendthrifts and bunglers condemned.

TO-DAY, in rat-ridden garrets up and down the country, men who fought for us in the great war, and who were promised a land fit for heroes to live in, are languishing and starving, with broken hopes, with wives and children hungry, while they struggle to get their just due—a few paltry shillings by way of the pension which of right belongs to them.

At the other end of the scale great officials of the War Office, well-paid and highly respected, members of the best clubs, popular in fashionable society, with limousines waiting to take them for a cheery week-end at their country houses, have been struggling for months to produce an account of their stewardship in the shape of a balance-sheet of Army expenditure.

It is a striking contrast. The result of the labours of these high officials is a Blue Book called "Army Accounts: 1921—1922," which has been ordered to be printed by the House of Commons. Few copies of this illuminating volume will find their way into the rat-ridden garrets. It costs six shillings, which is more than most of the out-of-work ex-service men can afford to spare. Yet for those who can afford this amount it is certainly wonderful value.

It shews, for example, how this country contrived to lose the appalling sum of £850,000, due wholly or in part to theft, fraud, arson or gross negligence. This is a mere bagatelle.

When you have recovered your breath you can read, in the cold print of an official document, the further achievement of the loss of £1,077,180, which is lightly brushed aside as due to causes "other than theft, fraud, etc."

While you are pondering what this all means, you can go on to the next item, the loss of over half a million pounds, which is cheerfully explained as due to incidents of the service. The net total of these amazing losses comes to nearly two and a half million pounds!

Let us examine a few examples of the way in which these colossal sums were lost. And let us ask for a moment what would happen to the managers of any private firm who had to confess to such staggering illustrations of stupidity and ineptitude. Would they still have their limousines, still live in the lap of highly-paid luxury.

Take for instance item 3,817 on Page 171 of this Blue Book. It deals with the deficits on accounts of the Junior Commander School, Strensall. The imprest holder, arrested after absconding, was sentenced by court-martial to be cashiered and imprisoned for twelve months with hard labour for misappropriation. The shortage amounted to over two thousand pounds.

Or item 3,940. This deals with the embezzlement of money by an officer who concealed his irregularities until he absconded and sent in a confession. The amount lost was nearly £15,000! It is not suggested that anybody was responsible. It is not suggested that vigorous and earnest efforts were made to prevent this naked theft. The report of this incident closes with the bald statement that the thief "could not be traced."

There are more than two dozen pages of appalling admissions of this kind, with more than a dozen illustrations on each page. One can go through them picking out an item here and there.

There was the fraud by an acting paymaster, who issued money orders to himself, and was sentenced to imprisonment, the loss amounting to over five thousand pounds.

There was the commanding officer of a labour unit who opened a banking account in addition to his official account, and juggled money from one account to the other. He absconded. The loss was over £15,000.

In another case over two thousand pounds was lost by what is plaintively called "systematic theft." The report tells us that the responsible officer was dismissed from the service, and that five men were sentenced to imprisonment.

Over seventeen hundred pounds were lost by three clerks in the Eastern Command Pay Office, who amused themselves by the manipulation of contractors bills passed for payment. We are told that the cashier had displayed carelessness, but left the service before action could be taken. Lest this might leave a disconcerting impression, the high authors of this almost incredible document gently add that "no blame attached to other supervising officers."

But these were small matters, petty pilferings and passing peccadilloes. We move from them into achievements on a higher scale, such as the damage to Government property, discovered on the release of civilian internees from internment camps and jails. No particular individual could be held financially responsible, and the loss amounted to nearly thirteen thousand pounds.

That took place at home. It was paralleled by equally dazzling victories abroad, such as the loss of petrol and oil at Hinaidi, attributed to "leakage and to fraud." A non-commissioned officer and two civilians were sentenced to imprisonment, but, with high and courteous consideration, the report declares that "it could not be ascertained to what extent the total loss was due to their misconduct." The amount of the deficit was, however, ascertainable. It comes to nearly six thousand pounds!

That was beaten at Iraq, where sealed trucks were frequently broken open. But in this case the authorities were on the alert. They got a hundred pounds back from the railway people: they got fifty pounds back from a Persian labour unit seen pilfering. The police captured a number of thieves who were punished. In spite of these vigorous and even violent precautions the loss to the country was over seven thousand pounds.

Passing from these, the report dwells lightly on the deficiency in stores between Salonica and Constantinople. It amounted to the trival sum of fifty-three thousand pounds. But that was beaten by the loss of stores by fire at Baghdad, attributed to incendarism, though investigations failed to secure any conclusive evidence. Loss, £600,000!

Let us return to Iraq, where it was found necessary to reduce the number of horses and mules. Nearly thirty thousand of them were sold, and over thirteen thousand were destroyed, *because they were not worth the cost of removal*. Again the loss was over £600,000!

Apart from dull matters like these, the Blue Book teems with quiet fun. Fifteen thousand pounds were spent on the hire of a tug in Mesopotamia, though the owner had previously offered to sell it for nine thousand pounds. Having thus made a loss of six thousand pounds, the authorities made a desperate effort to wipe out this deficit. They did it by the brilliant decision to purchase this tug for a further six thousand pounds,

An officer, retiring in India, got a gratuity of fifteen hundred pounds for which the War Office cabled authority. The officer came to England, strolled into the War Office, and casually observed "What about my gratuity?" Brilliant accountants set fiercely and patriotically to work, figured this gratuity out at fifteen hundred, and again handed the money over to him.

It is lucky for the nation that this officer did not call again for a third payment of the single gratuity to which he was entitled. He would probably have got it! The report observes, in its restful and soothing language, that "authority was given to write off the amount of the loss, and prosecution was considered to be not feasible."

We have touched only the fringe of this grave scandal, an item here and an item there. We congratulate the War Office, if on nothing else, on its astuteness in charging six shillings for this impenitent confession.

It is as well that the poor ex-soldier, standing in a queue, hungry and cold, broken by the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick, should not have too easy an opportunity of reading it.

NEW SHARES FOR OLD!

Oil Company's Aladdin Trick

AMONG the American oil ramps against which we have frequently warned our readers is the United Packers Oil Company.

To find a parallel for the latest dodge of the get-rich-quick merchants who endeavour to foist the worthless shares of this concern on the public it is necessary to go to the fairy tale of "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp," in which Oriental cunning conceived the idea of exchanging new lamps for old in the hope of obtaining a fortune.

This is the trick which an individual who remains anonymous, but describes himself as the Editor of the *Stock Exchange Times*, now has the audacity to put into practice. Obtaining through the usual channels a list of shareholders in some public company, which is not at the moment paying a large dividend, he offers them shares in the United Packers Oil Company in exchange for their holdings, *plus* a small sum in cash.

Among the companies whose shareholders have lately received this extraordinary proposition is R. E. Jones, Ltd. Holders of preference shares of this company are recommended by this anonymous pedlar to hand over their shares, and four shillings with each share, to receive in exchange three shares in United Packers Oil Company!

The £1 preference shares of R. E. Jones, Ltd., are at present quoted at about eight shillings, so that the proposition resolves itself into an offer of three shares in United Packers Oil Company for twelve shillings.

The wondering housewives who eagerly accepted new lamps for old made a much better bargain than anyone who is foolish enough to fall into this trap. The new lamps no doubt served some useful domestic purpose, but the shares in United Packers Oil Company are absolutely worthless unless the paper they are printed on may be used as curl-papers or to light a fire.

The Aladdin of the *Stock Exchange Times*, however, would obtain shares which, even if they are not among the most profitable at the present time, at least represent some tangible security, and may before long become a valuable dividend-earning investment.

For the benefit of those who may be misled by such an offer, coming from the "Editor" of what is ostensibly a financial newspaper, we say at once that the *Stock Exchange Times* is not a financial newspaper in any sense whatever, but merely a medium for exploiting ramps such as United Packers Oil Company and other rubbishy schemes of the character with which the penurious peer, Lord Haldon, is usually associated.

Stranger than Fiction

ONE of the most pathetic tragedies resulting from the war is the agonising situation in which Mrs. Mary Walsh, of 32, Green Lane, Ormskirk, finds herself. She is the widow of a soldier and is almost destitute.

Her son, Patrick, enlisted in the Rifle Brigade and was spoken to by a friend in France on the eve of the Battle of Loos.

Following upon that terrible engagement, his brother received a communication from the Orderly Room Sergeant intimating that Patrick had been killed.

One may imagine with what mixed feelings the mother learned later that it was suggested that her son never went to France, but was discharged from the Army as medically unfit early in 1915!

The Orderly Room Sergeant's statement notwithstanding, a Company Quartermaster-Sergeant recalls his leaving the Battalion, and describes Patrick from memory as a Welshman, not taller than 5 ft. 6 in., if as much, age between 35 and 45, plump of face and body, with dark hair going grey. Patrick Walsh was pronouncedly Irish, was 5 ft. 10 in. in height, aged 29, of slim build, with brown hair and no trace of greyness.

And on such evidence the mother is refused a pension!

Bubbles That Have Burst

Every obstacle ought to be put in the way of rogues who wish to float "dud" companies. The existing regulations governing registration are a farce.

PARLIAMENT in its wisdom deals with many matters.

But when it comes to things that are of vital importance to the daily life of the people, issues that come home, in Bacon's famous phrase, "to men's business and bosoms" it seems to be hopelessly inefficient and ineffective.

How otherwise are we to explain the muddling and confusion that govern the whole question of joint stock companies and their methods, the absolutely glaring stupidity which permits hundreds of thousands of investors to be deprived of their money in wild-cat schemes and specious undertakings, that often offer not even the vestige of a chance of a run for the money.

It is useless cavilling at Somerset House, whose business it is to see that the formalities prescribed by our inadequate laws are complied with by the people who float companies through its registration department. These people may be either knaves or fools, but if they comply with the regulations the functions of Somerset House cease.

The Board of Trade is responsible for the administration of the Companies Act, through which the shysters and the shufflers and the sharpers can drive a coach and four with ease.

But it is nobody's business to see that the people who float companies and get money from shareholders and investors are fit for the responsibility they thus assume. The result is that the City is strewn with the wreckage of company disasters.

What is to be thought of the law, for example, under which things like this can happen? Take the case of the Commerical Permanent Money Society, Ltd., of Blackburn, at present being wound up by order of the Lancashire County Court.

There were a number of thrift societies which had fallen on evil days, and which the Registrar of Friendly Societies was endeavouring to investigate.

The Commercial Permanent Money Society, Ltd., took some of these societies over, thus removing them from the jurisdiction of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. Now the absorbing limited company is being wound up. It has lost its share capital of nearly £14,000—a mere bagatelle. But there are unsecured creditors for nearly four hundred thousand pounds! The assets are under £30,000.

This terrible loss will fall on poor people, mostly of the working-class, who do not understand balance sheets, but entrusted their money to a company like this, registered by law, in the belief that such registration offers some sort of guarantee.

The Official Receiver declares that grave responsibility would appear to rest upon the directors, who received new capital after a balance sheet had been prepared shewing a loss of nearly £200,000.

Loans from this company to some of the directors, either personally, or for concerns in which they were interested, amount to over £100,000. Nearly all of these loans are considered by the Official Receiver to be distinctly bad!

The Mutual Thrift Society of Southport was also the outcome of converting a number of friendly societies into a limited company, thus taking them beyond the power of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. The total liabilities of this concern are over £160,000!

In too many disastrous companies of this kind the directors are people of high social standing and title, who ought to be ashamed of associating with such cruel bubbles, or people who time after time have formed companies, lost the money of the public, and then calmly proceeded to repeat the procedure.

If a man wants a licence as a publican, he must apply before the authorities and give evidence of a good character. But a man with no character at all can go to Somerset House and float a company for getting sunlight out of cucumbers, or catching larks when the heavens fall, and it is nobody's business to stop him.

The law which permits this deserves Bumble's comment that it is an "ass!" Only Bumble's comment is far too pitifully inadequate.

Queenie Gerald's New Role

THE writer of anonymous letters is properly despised by all decent-minded and generous people. Here we tell a remarkable story of a campaign which is being carried on to ruin a business woman who has had the misfortune to come in contact with the notorious Queenie Gerald, and who has, in consequence, been made to suffer a long ordeal of fruitless but vindictive persecution.

Queenie's hostility is directed, amongst others, to a lady to whom she owes money, which she has so far resolutely refused to pay.

This lady is the proprietress of a dressmaking business, and also has an interest in a boarding-house in a fashionable district in the West End.

In the course of business she came into touch with Queenie, incurred the suspicions of that unscrupulous woman, and she is suffering for it accordingly.

The first move was the receipt at this office of an anonymous letter attacking this lady, who had been referred to in an article in our columns. The article had nothing to do with Queenie Gerald.

The anonymous letter made a series of charges against this lady, who was accused of being a blackmailer, a thief, and an associate of women of loose character.

There is no truth in any of these charges, but several of them referred to specific individuals with whom the dressmaker had been brought in contact, because she had made costumes for Queenie herself, who had introduced many friends of her own, including a girl known as Nina.

It shews the danger of having anything to do with so evil a woman.

Queenie quarrelled with Nina and, to get her own back, told the dressmaker, in confidence, what Nina's real character was; and suggested that she should clear her out at once. She then offered to take over the premises herself.

The dressmaker refused, had the woman watched, and, finding that she was an undesirable, ordered her to leave. There was a scuffle, and the police were sent for, and, in the upshot, Nina had to go.

In the anonymous letter this incident is distorted into the statement that the undesirable was struck and maltreated by the dressmaker because she had no more money to give her!

The sequel to this is quite interesting. Queenie told the dressmaker where Nina had gone to, and announced that she proposed to follow the matter up by having the place to which she had gone raided.

Another anonymous letter, in practically the same tone, and written on the same typewriter, was sent to this office after a further exposure which we made of Queenie Gerald, in which a passing reference was made to "a dressmaker" to whom "Q" still owed an unpaid bill.

Now a third anonymous letter has turned up in the same terms as its two predecessors. This, however, has not been sent to us, but to the solicitor who is acting on behalf of the dressmaker and trying to get for her the amount of the bill which Queenie Gerald still owes to her.

This solicitor was engaged by the dressmaker solely for the purpose of collecting this account. Nobody else knew of the application, except the dressmaker, the solicitor, and Queenie herself, to whom the demand for payment was sent. The only reply so far is the anonymous letter!

What is the object of these letters? Is it a part of a new role that Queenie Gerald has set herself?

She is going about in a spasm of hysterical fury telling her friends of the underworld that they are all going to catch it hot: that if JOHN BULL persists in driving *her* out of her lucrative trade she will not allow others to continue the business which has been taken from her.

All this spiteful and ineffective vindictiveness would be amusing if it did not involve the possibility of serious hardship for those whom Queenie regards as her enemies.

Hotten-Tottenham

RESIDENTS in the populous district of Tottenham are wondering if its name should not be changed to Hottentottenham.

For months past they have been endeavouring to elucidate a mystery of muddle and extravagance on the part of the Local Authority which would shame the intelligence of the aborigines of South Africa.

In March, 1917, Mr. Thomas Bage, then a skilled plumber working in H.M. Dockyard at Portsmouth, was engaged by the Engineer to the Tottenham Urban District Council, to look after the heating apparatus of twenty-two schools. He was soon afterwards made foreman.

The engineer resigned and his work was carried on largely by a newly appointed Clerk of Works.

Soon after this appointment Bage had occasion to complain of interference on the part of the new official. He, Bage, was asked to estimate for a boiler for the Belmont School. He stipulated a special type of boiler at a cost of £250. His advice was ignored, and the work cost £700 instead of £250.

The Finance Committee have spent months discussing the matter.

Meanwhile, Bage was reduced in status and finally dismissed.

Tottenham is asking why a capable man should be dismissed for pointing out a shameful waste of public money.

SWEEPSTAKES HUMBUG

Crying Over Spilt Milk

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

ONE grows a little weary of hearing the term "hass" applied to the English "Law." On occasion "moon-struck goat" seems to me to be much nearer the mark.

Take the Derby sweeps for example. How many of His Majesty's lieges resident this side of the border were not interested in a draw or lottery over the Papyrus, Pharos, Parth affair? I suppose if the policemanship of this great country had done its duty with anything like thoroughness during Derby week, quite half of us—including a curate or two, and maybe here and there even a chief constable—would now be going about with summonses in our pockets instead of crumpled little tickets with numbers on them. If every promoter, aider and abettor, ticket-holder and general malefactor concerned in this, that or the other Derby sweepstake between Otley and Calcutta, were to receive his legal due, and refuse to pay the fine, we should have to build new jails to accommodate the delinquents—who are conceivably pretty nigh as numerous as income-tax defaulters.

SO what can policemanship, Dogberryship, or if you prefer it, moon-struck goatship, do? Well, it can peep down its astonishing stretch of nose, wink the other eye as it were and let us all off. The law has once again been outraged and flouted to the top of its bent, and is compelled to stand impotently by and admire itself in the nearest bit of looking-glass.

On the other hand, I notice that the winner of a lump of Derby "prize money"—a gentleman who, on the whole, might seem a fit subject for envy—appears to be troubled with just a touch of qualms. He clicked for his cheque all right, popped it promptly into the bank, and feels, as he says, "Well satisfied." Yet he has ventured to remark "smilingly" to an interviewer, "I cannot see how they can take it away from me now."

You may have three guesses as to whom he means by "they"; and each of your three guesses will be right; for our lucky friend means by "they" none other than "the authorities," or in plain terms (or clothes) the police.

IT is no part of my job to frighten people who have dropped in for well-merited thousands by dint of being fortunate in these sweepstakes. It is a nice question whether the law, properly set in motion and interpreted according to the lustre and fancy of the right Magistrate, couldn't play all sorts of havoc with some of the lucky ones by declaring any sweepstake you like to mention to have been improperly conducted, and ordering the return of the ticket money.

Last week summonses were issued against the Secretary of the now far-famed Otley Unionist Club for the alleged illegal sale of two sweeptickets "to two men named on the summonses," on the ground that they were not members of an affiliated Conservative or Unionist club, and that, therefore, the sweep was illegal. It would have been a swipe in the eye if these men had turned out to be "Wee Frees," or Rechabites, or even brother Buffs. But everybody must have grinned when reading that the police themselves had organised a sweepstake of their own.

THE Otley prosecution on one side, however, it is more than high time authority took stock of itself in regard to its handling of these matters.

As a fact, the whole of our so-called laws against gaming, gambling, and lotteries are in a condition of preposterous chaos. They ought either to be drastically revised or abolished. The application of them has resolved itself into a mere question of "legal opinion"—and legal opinions have a nasty knack of differing.

In effect, public opinion—a much less rheumatic horse—has already abolished all the gaming laws it doesn't happen to want, and the sooner the ancient gaming-law "hass" tumbles to the circumstance and puts itself to the trouble of dying decently, the greater will be our respect for its memory.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

A CLERGYMAN has this great advantage over a layman: he can nearly always get reported in the papers when he says something that is considered a bit daring. And what from the mouth of a layman is commonplace, from the mouth of a clergyman appears original.

As a padre, the Rev. Studdert-Kennedy is forced to say rather silly things in order to advertise his church and bring it up to date. This is part of his job; he can't help it. His enormous congregations and his personal success as a preacher are, I fear, entirely due to his histrionic antics. He thunders and bellows all the cheaper forms of sentiment beloved of democracy, and his popularity with the unthinking sections of the community increases in proportion as his reasoning powers appear to dwindle.

IT must be a perpetual irritation to a man of his native shrewdness and ability to have his comments on current events reported in the Press as though they came straight from the mouth of an inspired prophet. He knows perfectly well that he has never uttered a word from the pulpit that would not have passed unnoticed in the columns of the *Family Herald*.

The Rev. G. STUDDERT-KENNEDY

His public opinions are the opinions of the public.

Needless to say, he is not taken in by his own rhetoric. He fully appreciates his own acting. He knows that in his case there is some excuse for bad pulpit manners. For he was shoulder-to-shoulder with the fighting men during the war, and the memory of his experience in the front-line trenches is enough to make him gnash his teeth whenever he sees an ex-Service man begging in the streets.

NATURALLY he deplores the immoral tendencies of the day, but everyone does that nowadays without causing a flutter in Fleet Street. He pretends to suffer from a delusion common to many clergymen and some Labour leaders—that "a change of heart" will bring about the millennium.

But as mankind has been busy quick-changing its heart ever since the Flood, without having yet solved the problem of how to live, Mr. Kennedy had better discard his purely professional sentimentalism and start on a different tack. He knows as well as I do that what mankind really wants is a change of mind, or rather an increase of brain!

And this is where "Woodbine Willie" could be of immense national value. Why doesn't he fling his sentiment overboard and give us the benefit of his brains? He is quite popular enough to do the job thoroughly, and he has more common sense than all his brother-demagogues put together. Negative criticism is not enough; and he has both the belief and the understanding to give us something positive and constructive.

STILL, one cannot blame him for his present attitude. It is even possible he may be right. For if his appeal were less popular than it is, "Woodbine Willie" might lose his hold on the popular imagination, and what was good in his message would perish with his nickname. "Corona Charlie" could never fill a church.

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Tho' wily Frits may work his wits
To dodge his money troubles,
The French he'll find are not inclined
To grasp at empty bubbles.

The hapless wretch may strive to stretch
His hands down to his feet,
But might and main are all in vain
He can't "make both ends meet."

These killjoy cranks have bossed the [Yanks
And now they mean to try
To force their will on others till
They turn the ocean "dry."

The Troubadour returns once more
To woo his love of old,
Alas! to find she's less than kind
And something more than cold.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF DERBY, K.G., Under Secretary of State for War.

MY LORD,—It is an appalling thought that, but for the heroic action of four Liverpool dockers in putting out a fire which involved 120 tons of picric acid, half Liverpool to-day might be lying in ruins. It is no use for the officials to try and put the blame on the Liverpool dock authorities as they appear to be doing. Surely these people cannot shake off their responsibilities in this puerile fashion. I am glad to see that you have stopped all movements of explosives until the affair is thoroughly investigated, but you must see to it that whoever imperilled thousands of lives is properly punished. You should also see that the men who saved them are properly rewarded. At present they have been offered £16 between them. This is merely an insult. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. LEONARD WILLIAMS, 123, Harley Street, W.

SIR,—You hold high place in the medical profession, but when you tell us that people who get a disease ought not to be pitied as victims but condemned as fools, you are talking arrant nonsense. If our conditions of life were ideal what you say might have some truth in it. But in the main, disease is the outcome of environment, and instead of talking guff about people living for 140 years you should do your bit towards making the life of the poor worth living for even half that time. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. MARQUIS CURZON, K.G., Foreign Office.

MY LORD,—Two more London women proceeding to America on a visit have been put to the indignity of detention in Ellis Island. We have been pretty patient over recent overbearing actions of Uncle Sam, possibly because we owe him a pot of money, and it's best to keep one's creditors in a good temper. But this Ellis Island stunt has been overdone, and it's time the British lion put in a growl. I wonder what sort of a fit the American Ambassador would chuck if we collared a few Yankee tourists and tied them up on Canvey Island for a bit! JOHN BULL.

To His Honor JUDGE BRAY, Brentford County Court.

SIR,—What is the good of a jury if its verdict is to be instantly over-ruled by the judge? Joseph Twine, an ex-soldier who had lost both legs at Ypres, sued the London United Tramways in your court for £50 damages for personal injuries incurred in a collision between his motor wheel chair and a tram. The poor fellow suffered severely from the shock, the effect of which, coming on top of his war injuries, may well last for the rest of his life, and the jury quite rightly awarded him the £50 he asked for. Your comment was that they must be off their heads and the award was cut to £20. A most overbearing and heartless way of administe ring justice. JOHN BULL.

THE ONLY MUG?

With apologies to the well-known Poster.

Great Britain has just Paid £15,000,000 Interest on War Debt to America!

To the Very Rev. ARCHDEACON OF CANTERBURY.

DEAR SIR,—The Committee of the Broadstairs War Memorial, which you recently unveiled, have been guilty of a most profound act of discourtesy to the sculptor who designed it, Mr. Courtenay Pollock. Being proud of his job, he naturally desired his name to be modestly carved in the customary manner on the back of the plinth. But the Committee objected, took possession of the memorial without advising Mr. Pollock, and sent him no invitation to the unveiling of his work, beyond an eleventh hour printed notice telling him to "be good enough to assemble at Pierremont Hall at 2.45." This boorish behaviour has shocked many of the bereaved people to whom the memorial is sacred, and I hope you will see that those responsible are made to realise the ingratitude and indecency of their conduct. JOHN BULL.

To HENRY E. TREMLETT, Benjamin Street, Clerkenwell, E.C.

UNNATURAL FATHER,—People who ill-treat their children may well take warning from you—doing six months' hard labour for assaulting your ten-month child. Annoyed because its crying woke you in the night, you beat it and then stopped its terrified screams by repeatedly forcing a flannel down its throat. The baby's face puffed up and you soothed it by blowing smoke into its little throat. The child could not take its bottle, and you were not ashamed to admit that its mother's black-eye was a conjugal gift from you. The lowest brute in the animal kingdom will fight to the death for its young. It is left to civilised man to ill-treat his helpless babe. Your punishment may not civilise you; it may deter others. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. BRUCE CORNFORD, St. Matthew's Church, Southsea.

DEAR SIR,—At the recent Royal Philatelic Society's Exhibition you saw two stamps change hands for £18,000, and you are feeling pretty sick about it. I share your feelings, but in calling the purchasers lunatics I think you are unduly charitable. With so much naked want to be seen by anyone with a pair of eyes I call such conduct criminally wasteful and callous. But there is another point of view—if the purchaser of a shilling seat at the pictures has to pay a tax for his enjoyment why should not these philatelic fans, and other lavishly luxurious people, be called upon to pay an *ad valorem* tax of say 10 per cent. on all the money *they* spend. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. E. Ll. WEIGHT, Garrison Church, Windsor.

DEAR SIR,—Little by little churchmen are coming to understand why it is that the man in the street won't go to church. You have struck one of the reasons, and your denunciation of the sickly sentimentality which pervades the hymn-book ought to bear good fruit. To make healthy men and women sing about their longing for "the land beyond the tomb" and declare how utterly sick they are of living is simply transforming them into humbugs. If the Church would cut out all this gloomy twaddle and give the people something cheerful to sing about it wouldn't have to complain so much of neglect. JOHN BULL.

To F. D. ACLAND, Esq., Liberal Candidate, Tiverton.

SIR,—You are one of those thoughtful and earnest-minded patriots who object to the marking of foreign eggs. Such marking will protect the British producer, who sells home produce, and the consumer, who may prefer it. But unmarked imported eggs can be sold at home prices—and you will not agree to their being marked. A lot of people in the city, with well-marked foreign names, are also against marking. I hope Tiverton will therefore leave you, unmarked, at the bottom of the poll. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

THE King has done another notable service in impressing upon the public the paramount importance of increasing the supply of houses. Week after week in our columns examples of the terrible evils of overcrowding are given. Judges on the Bench attribute to the grave congestion of our city tenements dreadful social evils at which the nation shudders, and which it seems helpless to prevent. Everywhere the need for more houses is admitted.

The King and Housing.

In spite of these dreadful conditions we are being held up by the predatory ring of the profiteers. The other day the London County Council openly declared that it would suspend its housing schemes if the prices of building material continued to be forced up. It is futile for the Government to offer a bonus on new houses if the only result is to encourage the ring to raise their prices and secure that bonus for themselves.

Rings have been dealt with, not unsuccessfully, in America. In this country we try to deal with them by means of mild reproaches, and by reports from merely advisory committees. The rings pay no attention to these protests, and go on stiffening prices with entire disregard to public policy and the requirements of the nation.

Obviously more drastic steps must be taken. There is no use appealing to the profiteers. The Government must face the responsibility. This is a question that touches the lives and happiness of the people, and menaces the future of the race. If we are to have a sound nation, strong to fulfil its high mission and destiny, we must have the first essential—decent homes for the people. It is a gross reflection on the capacity of our rulers and governors that they cannot find a solution of this problem.

It is pleasing to be told that we now have a business government. It would be far more satisfactory to have prompt and definite proof of it in the solution of the problem to which the King has graciously drawn such direct and pointed attention.

IT is apparent to all who attend race meetings that the whole atmosphere surrounding this grand old British sport is polluted by the presence of fraudulent bookmakers whose sole aim in life is to fleece the public. From the large number of complaints we receive every day of the week from readers who have been bilked by so-called turf accountants it is obvious that there are many scoundrels up and down the country who will take the last shilling from working men knowing full well that they never intend to pay out.

An Urgent Job.

This sort of thing has been going on for a generation, and a long suffering and patient public is fully entitled to ask why it is permitted to continue. We refuse to believe that the responsible turf authorities are unaware that such barefaced robbery is going on. We also refuse to believe that the police have no knowledge of the identity of those racecourse rascals.

As a matter of fact we are tempted to suggest that the police are well acquainted with the full facts concerning these turf robbers, and in consequence we are perfectly justified in asking why the activities of the various gangs and individuals are not strictly curtailed.

Corruption is an ugly word and involves a charge that no serious-minded person would lightly bring against any body of public servants. But it is not the first time that the integrity of the police has been called into question. And in this respect it is not on the racecourse alone that strong action is needed.

All over the West End of London there are dens of iniquity, the existence of which is known to anyone who is in search of certain forms of so-called entertainment. Have the police never heard of them? Why are they allowed to grow fat on the spineless boobs who have money and time to burn? Every man about town is ready with an answer.

We respectfully suggest to the Chief Commissioner that here is a grave scandal crying aloud for immediate enquiry. We say that it is disgraceful that a huge body of men such as the London police should be stigmatised as being corrupt owing to the folly of the few.

If the task is too difficult for him we shall be pleased to give him a few clues upon which he can get to work at once.

WE do not know who is immediately to blame for the appalling tragedy at Highbury, formerly the residence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, where a number of invalid ex-soldiers were burned to death in a fire that wiped out the wooden hut in which they were confined. But we do think it is a wicked example of cavalier treatment meted out to those who were incapacitated in fighting for their country that they should be given accommodation in a place which the sequel has shown was utterly unsuitable for helpless men. The war has been over for years, and yet everywhere we find the ex-soldier being treated as though he were a social outcast, for whom anything was good enough. In this case bedridden and paralysed ex-soldiers were put in a hut where there was no adequate protection against fire, nor any effective arrangements for helping them in case of a disaster of this kind. No words are strong enough to denounce this ineptitude or to voice the indignation of the public that such things could be possible.

Who is Responsible?

No doubt the usual formal enquiry will be held. It will not bring back the lives of the maimed and tortured ex-soldiers whose cries for help were stifled in the debris of the falling building. We can only hope that it will serve its purpose in awakening the authorities to protect others still in their charge. We tender to the relatives of the sufferers our most sincere sympathy and that of our readers. The whole incident is one at which the nation is deeply grieved and of which it is thoroughly ashamed.

We call upon the Government to act promptly and generously in compensating the survivors of this thoroughly disgraceful business.

DOCTORS are sometimes accused of callousness. They invariably deny the charge. But what other word can adequately describe the practice, declared on the authority of the British Medical Association to be quite common, of buying and selling panel patients? It is evident that many a panel doctor regards his poor patients in the same light as a butcher regards his meat—as a source of profit to himself, but in all other respects not worthy of consideration.

Selling Human Beings.

We are not vain enough to imagine that we can instil any sense of decency or human feeling into those members of the medical profession who have proved themselves utterly devoid of either. But we can, and do, insist that these gentry shall, at any rate, conduct themselves like human beings.

Doctors may have no feelings, but they must remember that their patients have. It is iniquitous enough that it should be possible for a single doctor to enrol as many as five thousand patients on his panel. Even if endowed with superhuman energy he cannot hope to give them that individual consideration and care which is their right. But it is more iniquitous still that it should be possible for him to sell a batch of patients as though they were a part of his goods and chattels.

We do not propose to deal with the subsidiary evils involved. They are many and obvious. Questions of religion, of the skill of the purchasing doctor, of accessibility, of confidence—all these could be raised. They must not, however, be allowed to obscure the simple fact that this traffic in human beings is a blot on the fair name of Britain.

It is nothing less than a revival of the slave trade in a form more revolting than ever before known. Any doctor who engages in this traffic should immediately be struck off the panel of the Ministry of Health. A man who deals in patients at nine and sixpence a head is himself not worth tuppence.

IT is the custom of legislators and those in authority to institute committees which talk a great deal and end by doing nothing. But it is surely a very long time since this country has seen anything quite so tragically comic as the Domestic Service Inquiry Committee of women appointed by the Ministry of Labour to tackle the "servant problem."

The Comic Committee.

A number of women have made a series of fatuous speeches, and that is all! Not a single useful idea has emerged from the depths. One enlightened woman's solution to the problem was that men should dine in restaurants. Another advocated "conscription for domestic training." A third suggested that "men could help. They could make the domestic girl popular by marrying her."

Evidently there are no limits to the infantile idiocy of the class of person that appears before committees and loves to hear its own voice. Britain is laughing at these foolish people.

The Devil's Press Agents

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(*Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.*)

IN this outspoken article the writer inveighs against the tendency of the modern theatre to depict virtue as dull and vice alone as amusing. Many so-called "Light Entertainments" are a direct encouragement towards loose living and a menace to the morality of the young and susceptible.

The Earl of Cromer—Lord Chamberlain

NOTHING in vice is so conspicuous as its dreariness. Only the geese and donkeys of our social menagerie could mistake the hiccough of a sot for a lyric, the leer of a harlot for a smile, or the midnight bunny-hugging of obese and goggle-eyed gourmandizers for a dance.

That the mass of mankind is not deceived by the delusions of vice is clear at a first glance of the world. Add up all those who find life's highest pleasure in their children, all those who are devoted to their gardens, all those whose chief keenness is for healthy games, and all those who cultivate acquaintance with the best kind of literature, the best kind of music, the best kind of painting, and see how great is the population of virtue. There is an overwhelming majority on the side of the angels.

In spite of the prominence and advertisement given to vice in modern civilisation, the bulk of humanity believes that domestic love is a superior thing to homeless lust, that temperance is better for mind and body than bestial excess, that self-control has a greater reward than self-indulgence, and that a clean conscience is a pleasanter companion than a dirty mind. For this solid and substantial majority of the human race vice is a transparent humbug. Its prospectuses are false and its balance-sheets are fraudulent. It deceives only the fool: it enchains only the weak: it cannot satisfy even the vile.

YET, in spite of this manifest fact, this historic truth that vice has long ago been weighed in the balance of human experience and found wanting, the managers of our lighter theatres and music-halls persist in the lunatic delusion that the quickest way to cheer people up is to exhibit vice as a flaming success. They have no library, these ignorant and contemptible people, but the thumbed and dog's-eared repertory of nasty-mindedness.

This kind of theatre is merely an antediluvian muck-heap. They would have their audiences believe that vice is jolly and virtue dull. The harlot is a queen of their heaven; the good mother is the drudge of their hell. He who laughs at moral effort and regards domestic life as the web woven by the spider of ennui and gloom is the approved man of the world; he who professes that he can see nothing admirable or delightful in lascivious unpleasantness is a "kill-joy."

IT is time to tell these press agents of the devil, these sordid tradesmen who are fast ruining the British theatre, that their ludicrous ignorance of everything which makes life noble or beautiful extends both to the character of the gentleman and the nature of true wit. The highest kind of adult is not as smutty-minded as the worst kind of school-boy.

What is the main impression made by this kind of theatre on the mind of the nation's youth? Does it unmask the transparent hypocrisy of vice, namely, the pretence that vice is satisfying? Does it show rottenness in its true colours? Does it cover sin with shame and folly with ridicule? Does it make nasty-mindedness as revolting and detestable as physical uncleanness? Does it do this, or, on the other hand, does it suggest that all the fun, gaiety, and adventure of human life are to be found among the blackguards and scoundrels of existence, while among the virtuous and refined are to be found only dullness and sordid care? Does it exalt domestic love or degrade it? Does it make self-sacrifice a fine thing, or a foolish?

I DOUBT if there is a single light entertainment in these islands in which an idea of life is presented which is not a travesty of human experience.

What should we say of our schools and universities if they taught a similar thesis? Suppose the youth of the nation was educated to believe that courtesans are the only delightful women, that rakes and rips are the highest types of men, that chastity is dull, that unchastity is amusing, that a desire for moral perfection is either pretentious or unnatural, and that life is nothing more than a struggle of beasts for self-gratification. The very idea is absurd. We should be up in arms to sweep such corruption out of existence.

Why is there not a like indignation against the corruption of revue and music-hall? Because nobody takes the theatre seriously. That is the reason of its degradation. It is not an instrument of life; it is merely a toy. It has no mission, no inspiration, no ideal. It is as purely commercial as Billingsgate or Burton-on-Trent. To take it with intellectual seriousness is to be ridiculous. Architecture, music, literature, sculpture, painting, and science, these things are serious; but the theatre—it is a thing of no account.

UNFORTUNATELY, this high disdain overlooks one of the most salient facts of human existence. Nothing in life is without moral influence. One way or another, everything that *is* at all does exert unmistakably a pressure on the moral life of mankind. And in the case of the light theatre, this moral influence is exerted on the mind of the nation's youth, and at a time in its experience when the animal is most powerful, and when conscience is fighting perhaps the most desperate of all its battles. For thousands and thousands this kind of theatre is the only school and university of what they call "real life."

With what scorn and indignation, then, should we view these theatrical managers, these sin-profiteers, who, for the sake of commercial greed, are ready to tell the greatest and most destructive lie that is possible to the human soul, namely, the lie that vice is amusing and virtue dull. What is the responsibility of these men?

THERE is no better test for any act of conduct or any work of art than the moral question. Does this help or does it hinder?—and, unless life is a scramble for the pig-trough, such a question is rational. It is because many men have ceased to ask themselves this searching question that so much of our furious energy and breathless activity is futile—a mere beating of the air.

If the theatre is to become a respectable instrument in the life of the British people, it must employ wit to destroy the works of ignorance and satire to expose the dreary humbug of vice.

The Crisi

by A.

NO sane man desires a ru it and will do his utm is equally certain that the country or the general wel

THE crisis in our relations to France ha reached a grave, perhaps a final stag No good purpose can be served by shuttin our eyes to the fact that any day we ma be confronted with a rupture with our late al that may leave us in irreparable separation. N sane man in this country and no sane man in Fran wishes this calamity to come about. Mr. Bal win does not wish it, and he will do all that can to prevent it. But I am sure that will not sacrifice the interests of this country the well-being of Europe in his endeavours, and hope the country will stand loyally behind hi

What is the crux of the difficulty that threate our relations with our neighbours? It is not question of whether Germany should pay or h much she should pay. We are all agreed that should pay, and that she should pay to t uttmost of her capacity. We do not want her escape her liability, and, on the other hand, do not want her to pay us in ways that will ha our trade more than they benefit us.

It is obvious that the question of what she paid, how much she ought to pay, and in wh way she should pay in future, is a very diffic expert problem. It can only be settled by pati investigation of all the potentialities of Germa by the world's ablest economists and financi

IF this had been done four years ago, if the ca city of Germany to pay had then been fix and if precise and reasonable conditions been laid down for the discharge of the d Europe by this time would have been on the to recovery, the flow of world trade would h been restored, and we should not have to-da million and a quarter of unemployed in our to

But this has not been done, and it is impos

Is It Sinful To Be Rich?

NOT at all! Sir John sums up. In most cases envy prompts the thought!

WHEN I hear street-corner altruists bellowing that capitalists and millionaires are sweaters, bloodsuckers, grinders of the face of the poor, battening on the toil of their fellow men and that most assuredly they will wriggle in eternal hell for their villainy I do not shout protests from the back of the crowd. I know that in the vast majority of cases the poor devil regenerators of the world are really wrathful because they lack the ability to be wealthy bosses themselves.

Oh, there are plenty of the tribe of Crœsus who ought to be hanged to lamp-posts. But when we start that game there are others who ought to dangle by their side. Poverty and incompetence are not necessarily evidences of virtue.

The other day I was reading a list of the richest men in the world, headed by Henry Ford, who is reputed to be worth £110,000,000. An amiable and high-minded young friend of mine exclaimed, "There ought to be a law against men becoming millionaires. They are a menace to society."

In my time I have known four millionaires. The richest inherited his money. He lived more frugally than I do, and gave most of his money to universities, to medical research, to buying pictures, and in aiding young people with artistic tendencies. Another was a great newspaper proprietor, who cared nothing for money; it just came to him as the result of his genius in building up enterprises which provided means of success and prosperity for hundreds of men. The other two were boyish-spirited old fellows, architects of their own fortunes, teetotalers, and who used to put me to shame by starting work at five o'clock in the morning. The world would have been poorer if they had lacked the skill to be rich themselves.

Even a multi-millionaire does not eat more meals than the rest of us, generally less, and usually he is abstemious. He probably surrounds himself with the luxuries of life—which is really all the reward he ever gets—but he has to pay for them. Work and money are thus provided for those who build his motor-cars or add a new billiard-room to his country mansion.

Henry Ford is probably the richest man the world has ever known. Does anybody picture him sitting amongst sacks containing those £110,000,000 which he has squeezed ou oppressed and enfeebled humanity? Why, simple-minded old fellow, who lives in a m house in the suburbs of Detroit, and sometim without a few dollars in his pocket to pay f lunch.

The hundred and more million pounds have accrued to Henry Ford, he does not As the millions have come he has thrown th back into business for the production of cars. He does not bloodsuck; he benefits s And that is the story of what is being done wi fortunes of most millionaires.

The underlying fallacy of our flatulent cr critics of the possession of money is th millionaire manufacturer is thieving what belongs to the artisan, the physical worke produces the goods. It is overlooked tha the mind has sprung the project that is to give well-paid employment to the artisa the organising ability which finds the m and that the profit which comes is not gob and disappears, but is returned to provid employment and more wealth, and the st

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The Crisis With France

by A. G. GARDINER.

NO sane man desires a rupture with France. Mr. Baldwin does not wish it and will do his utmost to prevent it, asserts our contributor, who is equally certain that the Premier will not sacrifice the interests of this country or the general well-being of Europe in the course he adopts.

THE crisis in our relations to France has reached a grave, perhaps a final stage. No good purpose can be served by shutting our eyes to the fact that any day we may be confronted with a rupture with our late ally that may leave us in irreparable separation. No sane man in this country and no sane man in France wishes this calamity to come about. Mr. Baldwin does not wish it, and he will do all that he can to prevent it. But I am sure that he will not sacrifice the interests of this country or the well-being of Europe in his endeavours, and I hope the country will stand loyally behind him.

What is the crux of the difficulty that threatens our relations with our neighbours? It is not a question of whether Germany should pay or how much she should pay. We are all agreed that she should pay, and that she should pay to the utmost of her capacity. We do not want her to escape her liability, and, on the other hand, we do not want her to pay us in ways that will harm our trade more than they benefit us.

It is obvious that the question of what she has paid, how much she ought to pay, and in what way she should pay in future, is a very difficult expert problem. It can only be settled by patient investigation of all the potentialities of Germany by the world's ablest economists and financiers.

IF this had been done four years ago, if the capacity of Germany to pay had then been fixed, and if precise and reasonable conditions had been laid down for the discharge of the debt, Europe by this time would have been on the way to recovery, the flow of world trade would have been restored, and we should not have to-day a million and a quarter of unemployed in our towns.

But this has not been done, and it is important that we should face the reason why. For political reasons, Mr. Lloyd George, in the December election of 1918, lent his authority to the most extravagant estimates of what Germany could pay. Every informed person in every country knew that those estimates were grotesque, but they flattered the public mood and appealed to the public appetite.

IT was a silly and a shameful imposture, and it has hung like a mill-stone round the neck of Mr. Lloyd George and his successors. They have been trying to get free from the incubus ever since, but the mischief remains, and though we have seen the folly and sought to approach the problem in a businesslike way, we have failed.

The reason we have failed brings us to the root of the crisis between this country and France. Our aims are not the same. They have never been the same. We wanted two things: reparation and peace. Of the two we wanted peace most, for our chief interest is trade. France also wanted reparations, but she wanted still more the political and economic destruction of Germany as a means to security.

Now it has been plain throughout that these two French objects could not co-exist. If you have a creditor who owes you money, the worst way of getting it out of him is to knock him down and sit on his head. If he is to pay you he must earn money, and in order to do so he must be allowed to work freely and with hope of getting rid of his debt in time. But M. Poincaré has persisted in saying that he can both knock his man down and get untold wealth out of him.

The truth is that confronted with the choice of getting reparations and foregoing revenge, or losing reputation and keeping his hand on the jugular vein of Germany, he decided that the latter was the more desirable policy.

M. Poincaré—the French Premier.

And so he went into the Ruhr, seized the great power house of Germany, and filled it with soldiers. Mr. Bonar Law declined to go with him. He declined because he did not want to smash up Germany, not because he did not want her to pay reparations. He said that the military occupation of the Ruhr, so far from producing reparations, would stop them. Incidentally it would prevent the recovery of Europe, on which the recovery of our own commerce and industry depended.

He was right. The failure of the Ruhr invasion as a debt collecting enterprise is now common knowledge. It has brought Germany to utter ruin, but so far from benefiting France, it has involved her in enormous loss. Italy, which joined M. Poincaré, is sick of the business, and has practically thrown it up. Belgium, which also joined France, is sick of it, and is swinging round to the English view. Even in France the disillusion has come, and there is a strong reaction against Poincaré in the Senate, which has affronted him so publicly that he resigned—for a few hours.

NOW Germany has made an offer which the public opinion of the world has universally judged to be reasonable and acceptable. She offers to pay whatever an expert commission appointed by all the great Powers decide that she can pay, and to give as security the most valuable national assets she possesses. M. Poincare does not pretend that it is not a fair offer. He will not submit the question of reparation to an impartial tribunal.

The strategy he has adopted for defeating the offer is to demand that, as a preliminary, Germany shall stop passive resistance in the Ruhr, and that we shall join him in making this condition. That is to say, that having opposed the Ruhr invasion, we are now to condone it, call on Germany to condone it, and help France to establish it as a permanent stranglehold on Germany.

That cannot be done, and the best service Mr. Baldwin can do to France is to tell M. Poincaré plainly that we stand for the acceptance of the German offer. Let us accompany this acceptance with stringent conditions for its fulfilment, with the most liberal preference to France in the matter of reparations, and with water-tight guarantees under the League of Nations for the security of France and the demilitarisation of the Rhineland.

IF Mr. Baldwin will take up this position and stand firmly to it, he will rally the commonsense of the world to his standard and bring the nations out of the Slough of Despond into which they are sinking, and in which they will perish if sanity does not soon prevail. Incidentally, he will take the only course that can prevent an irreparable rupture with France.

t Sinful To Be Rich?

by Sir JOHN FOSTER FRASER

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The hundred and more million pounds which have accrued to Henry Ford, he does not chew. As the millions have come he has thrown them all back into business for the production of cheap cars. He does not bloodsuck; he benefits society. And that is the story of what is being done with the fortunes of most millionaires.

The underlying fallacy of our flatulent cart-tail critics of the possession of money is that the millionaire manufacturer is thieving what really belongs to the artisan, the physical worker who produces the goods. It is overlooked that from the mind has sprung the project that is going to give well-paid employment to the artisans, plus the organising ability which finds the markets, and that the profit which comes is not gobbled up and disappears, but is returned to provide more employment and more wealth, and the surplus—beyond giving the millionaire an automobile instead of riding in a tramcar, a good cigar instead of a bad one, gives him a fine bathroom instead of a Saturday night sponge-down—either directly or indirectly returns to the public.

A millionaire does not burn his profits; he uses them. He may even use them in providing free libraries or endowing laboratories for scientific research. What he gives to his family has to be spent and you cannot very well spend money without giving employment—it may be to seamstresses in making Court gowns or to craftsmen in building yachts, but it has to be used to be redistributed amongst the workers.

The margin of benefit which most millionaires get for themselves is insignificant compared with what their thought, ability, courage and organisation have provided for the world. One of the reasons there are many millionaires in America is because in the United States men think of what can be accomplished by personal effort and not, as in Britain, where men want legislation to do for them what they have not the brains nor brawn to do for themselves.

Beware of Faked Treasury Notes

EVERY country in the world is just now suffering from a plague of forgers, who are making greater profits than their infamous class ever made before. Italy, France and Austria have suffered, with their increasing note circulation, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of pounds which have passed into the hands of a skilful and unscrupulous gang of forgers. America has also been exploited to a very large extent. A gang of cunning criminals, presided over by a daring and expert rogue, is responsible for most of these depredations. He has now set himself the task of making England his chosen field.

EVER since the days of "Jim the Penman," the forger has stood as the type of the flash criminal, the gentleman-crook who lives easily, enjoys the best that life has to offer, and has, in his own set, all the admiration and adulation reserved for a king.

Nor is this any fancy picture. As a matter of fact such a man exists to-day, and is very badly wanted by the police. Probably never before has the field for the forger been so vast, or the harvest so rich.

The currencies of the world were upset by the great war, and the bank or Treasury note has become the universal medium for buying and selling. The opportunities for the forger are tenfold what they were, and his reward correspondingly greater.

The present king of the forgers is an exceedingly wealthy man. His counterfeit notes are in circulation all over Europe and America. After Waterloo, the farmers had a toast "To the Next War!" That is the toast which the "King Smasher," as he is known, gives to his intimate associates over a magnum of the finest champagne, in the private sitting-room of the hotel at which he stays on his visits to London.

THE "King Smasher" is a notorious Anglo-American crook. He has a long record of crime and a variety of names. But he is not content with a multiplicity of names. He puts various initials after his signature and prefers to call himself the Professor. He is another Professor Moriarty in real life.

He is an autocrat of the autocrats. He lives by crime and makes others pay the price. He rewards them well, even if he does treat them like dogs. Those who work for him fear him as much as the fo'c'sle hands feared Captain Kidd or Bloody Morgan in the old days of the pirates, who were but bunglers compared to him, and generally ended miserably by being sun-dried at Execution Dock.

THE Professor is the master-mind which directs a world-wide organisation of forgery, coining and duplicity in all the great capitals of two continents. Here in London he has four or five factories working under his direction, and others in big provincial towns, notably Swansea and Leeds. Those who toil in them never see him. They work through his deputy in this country, an East End Russian Jew.

This man, the second string, is known as the Chief. He was formerly an associate of Peter the Painter. He is to be found in all the secret haunts of the crooks and tricksters and grafters.

It is not difficult to run one of these small factories. They can be established in a private house, and the whole apparatus can be shifted, if necessary, in a couple of innocent-looking packing-cases carried away on a motor lorry.

The Chief provides the machinery, a few expert tools, a few engraving plates, a supply of bank-note paper, lamps, a camera, and a toy printing press which can be operated by electricity from an ordinary plug in the wall.

WITH these at command, a skilled engraving hand gets quickly and easily to work. Behind shuttered and curtained windows, under a powerful electric light, the blank Treasury note paper on which the crooks work is got ready. The engraver designs upon it a perfect imitation of a Treasury note, leaving blank the space for the numbers. This is then photographed for lithographic reproduction.

ONCE the first copy has been worked up to standard the printing press comes into operation and as many notes are run off upon it as are required. The new notes are then run through a numbering machine which prints the required series of numbers upon them in coloured ink. The result is a note that will pass all ordinary inspection.

The same process could even more easily be applied to bank-notes, but the Professor fights rather shy of the bank-note, not only because of the difficulty of the water-mark, but because bank notes for anything over small sums are so often checked by their numbers and the difficulty of passing them is greatly enhanced.

But the Treasury note is the real backbone of the forger's business. Until recently a great business was done in ten thousand mark notes for Germany, and then in hundred thousand mark notes. But the fall in the German exchange was so rapid that it beat the forger gang. So the Professor issued an order to let German marks alone and to concentrate on British notes and the almighty dollar of the United States.

The King Smasher has no trouble in getting his notes made. His factories in London alone would supply him with enough to make a small fortune. Dockland has some of these factories, Hoxton is notorious for them and Islington and Lambeth boast quite a number.

The police know of many dens where counterfeit coin is made from time to time. But that is a small matter by comparison. It is the small fry and the mugs who follow that much-less remunerative trade. The forgers are much more cunning and much more elusive.

One of these smaller fry, Joseph Kennelly, was sent to jail the other day. He took a sentence of three years' penal servitude in silence. He never made much money by his operations, though he lured many young fellows into his clutches and taught them to work at his secret trade.

The people who make bad coins are mostly poor devils who earn a precarious living by melting down pewter and putting it into a mould made from real coins to turn out bad money. They take a great risk in passing half-crowns and shillings, and have practically no organisation for distribution.

BUT the big counterfeit gang work on a much larger scale. The chief distributing agent is "Flimsy Jim." He has been known to take out large numbers of Treasury notes which he distributes in small parcels to agents in various parts of London. They, in turn, get them changed, and bring back fifty per cent. of the proceeds in real money. The balance, which is practically all clean, or rather unclean profit, goes to the leaders of the gang.

ANOTHER notorious agent in this respect is a beautiful woman known as Suzanne. She lived for many years with a forger in America, and is at the present time a prominent figure in the Paris branch of this international organisation. She has a wide acquaintance with gamblers and confidence tricksters, and through them she distributes "dud" notes on a very big scale.

Some time ago this woman was connected with a beautiful villa in Milan where several skilled counterfeiters were working. Thousands of pounds of imitation notes were sent out from this den of crime every week. Finally, the place was raided. Some of the gang were caught and jailed. But Suzanne got away.

Once living on the streets of New York, she is now a wealthy woman in Paris, famous for her champagne suppers and early morning dances, for the splendour of her jewels and the gorgeousness of her equipages.

One branch of the gang made a mistake in sending out clean new-looking notes and aroused suspicion. The "King Smasher" was furious.

He issued orders that never again were clean notes to be circulated. Now they are buried in the ground, in coal cellars, under tree-roots and in all sorts of places until they look old. They are crumpled about in a regular routine so that they may have the air of respectability that comes from having been passed from hand to hand, and presumably accepted.

The authorities have detected and destroyed many of these notes, but when the forger gang gets apprehensive it stops circulating them here and sends them abroad.

The British Treasury note is eagerly accepted by shop-keepers and hotels all over the Continent. That gives so much the greater opportunity to the leader and his well-drilled subordinates.

THE King Smasher, in spite of his expensive way of living, is an enormously rich man. He is also greedy. He is at present in America, but lately he has had trouble with his subordinates, the smaller "smashers," the "sniders," the "flashers," and the "palmers," who make and distribute the goods. They want a bigger share of the swag.

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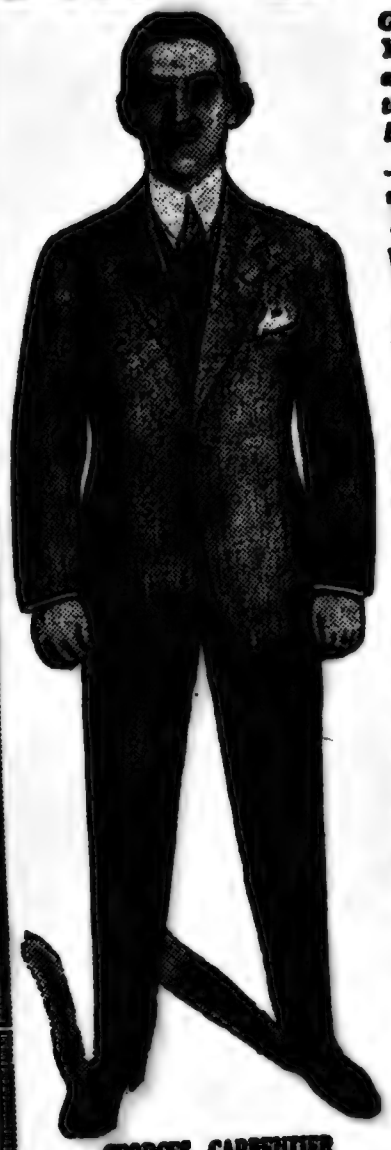

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

An American Peer

"MY grandfather was an Irish Peer, with big estates in the Queen's County. He squandered them at the gaming table and the turf. My father went to Klondike as a young man and made money, settling down in Florida; there I was born. He, too, lost money, in a speculation for raising sunken ships.

"He refused to claim the peerage—it has gone into abeyance. He died three years ago—while I was pearl-fishing in the South Seas.

"No money goes with the title, but it belongs to me. How can I get it? Will the fact that I am an American citizen stop me?"

"Humanist" says: *"No, but you cannot retain both American and British citizenship. You will have to apply to the Committee of Privileges at the House of Lords. Your application will presumably be unopposed."*

The Fear of Taint

"MY father died by his own hand, taking with him my little brother and my baby sister, and inflicting terrible wounds on his two older daughters, myself and a younger sister who has since died. As a result of his insane attack, my right hand is practically useless; otherwise, I am well and strong.

"I am engaged to a boy—a soldier in India. He knows nothing of my history. There was no insanity in my family previous to my father. I have had a dreadful life—shock and anxiety and shame. But I kept my sanity under the strain.

"Do you think I can marry? Should I tell my lover?

"Dear Humanist, if you publish this take some of it out, as my people will think I am insane if they know I have let the skeleton out of the cupboard."

"Humanist" says: *Poor girl, you are one of life's terrible tragedies. Nobody can tell whether you have inherited the taint, or are likely to transmit it. Alienists say that those who fear that they are insane rarely are. But tell your lover and ask him to take counsel with the experts for you.*

Legalised Robbery

"MY father left me and my other two sisters a third share in his business, leaving the other two-thirds to my brother, who succeeded him as managing director for life. For two years we got dividends then they stopped. The accounts—it is a private limited company—show that the gross earnings have increased, but so have the expenses. The expenses are largely the increased salary my brother takes, plus the big salaries he pays his wife's brother and his two sons, who all draw large pay and heavy expenses out of the firm. He does not need to worry about dividends, as he and his friends get all there is in salary. He will not buy our holding, except at half-a-crown for the pound shares. We are out-voted and out-manœuvred. Can anything be done?"

Humanist says:—*You can apply to the Courts for a voluntary winding-up, on the ground that your property is being in effect confiscated. You may not succeed in the action, but possibly your brother will make an effort to meet you rather than have a public discussion of the case.*

A Club Widow

"MY problem is not so poignant and tragic as some you receive, but it may ruin my married life. My husband, good in almost every other respect, has one tremendous failure. He spends every night of his life, except Sunday, at his club. The loneliness for me is becoming unbearable. His only explanation is that he simply can't sit in the house. It is the one thing which spoils our happiness. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says:—*You are like many other club widows and golf widows, and deserve every sympathy. Do not indulge in reproaches and recriminations or "nagging." That will only confirm his club habits. Try giving bridge parties, or little dinner parties at home, inviting his most intimate friends at the club. There will be return parties and invitations, which ought to bring you together for one or two nights a week.*

An Erring Cashier

"I AM working at a cinema in charge of the cash. My brother got in debt and to help him out I took four pounds, meaning to pay it back. My husband has left me with a little boy to keep and I live at home with my mother and brother. My brother is ill, and I have told him it is all right. I have not told my mother. What should I do?

"Next week I have to give a full statement of the cash. My employers have always said I was as 'honest as the day.' If they find out they will dismiss me."

"Humanist" says:—*You are a foolish woman. Tell your mother and tell your brother. They must get their friends to help. They cannot let you be ruined for four pounds. And for heaven's sake, never act so foolishly again. Will some people never understand that honesty is the best policy?*

The Lonely Girl

"CAN you realise half that it means to an ordinary girl to know that there is no possible chance of marriage and children? I am twenty-five now, strong and healthy, and fitted in every way for motherhood, but all I can see is loneliness—unless I take a lover."

"Humanist" says:—*Think again. Why are you lonely anyway? If you can get a lover you ought to be able to get a husband.*

The Mischievous Boy

"THE nine-year-old orphan boy of my husband's widowed sister-in-law is always getting into scrapes, falling into the hands of the police for such things as lighting fires under hedges, taking potatoes from a field and breaking windows in an empty house.

"His mother has had to pay damages and is told that another time would mean the birch or a reformatory school. I feel I should go mad if either of these punishments were carried out.

"He seems a most intelligent boy, always speaks the truth, and I cannot believe there is any real harm in him. I am sure things would be much different if he had had a father's control.

"I suggested to my husband that he should stay with us, for the company he keeps is the cause of his trouble. My husband tells me to please myself. But it is a big responsibility, for I have two children of my own. Will you advise me?"

"Humanist" says:—*Follow the dictates of your heart and take the boy if his mother is willing. You are evidently a kind-hearted and motherly woman and you have a good husband. You may save this boy from Borstal and all its dangers. There is nothing to show he is a bad boy. Women like you deserve to know that your nobility of character is appreciated.*

A Victim of Dope

"DURING the war I was a hospital nurse, and owing to the hostility of the matron, who was a bully, I had to go on night duty after returning wet through from a visit to my home. I contracted pneumonia and nearly died. During my convalescence I had to take injections of morphia to induce sleep. The habit thus formed grew upon me, and I am sorry to say I am now one of the victims of a secret drug habit. There are long spells in which I contrive to do without the drug, but every now and again, in depression and despair, I have recourse to dope. Once, when I was suffering under its influence, and did not know what I was doing, I stole some lace from a West End store. I was detected, but I was let off on the ground that my family were known and I was not responsible. Unhappily I have fallen again and repeated the same offence in a different shop. This time I escaped detection, but my lapse was known to another girl. I am now engaged to an architect, and this girl who knows of my lapse is in love with the same man, and is threatening to tell him unless I break off the engagement. Should I do so?"

"Humanist" says:—*Make restitution of the goods you have stolen. Then tell your fiance all about it. If anybody can help you he can. In any case you cannot fight this battle alone.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

A Secret Better Kept!

"Reference your 'Human Documents,' June 2nd, headed 'A Secret Better Kept.' Will you send me this young lady's name and address."

No. My correspondents write to me in confidence. I regard their names and addresses as "A Secret Better Kept."

His Dishonest Employer.

"My employer is robbing the income tax authorities. I have proof. If I protest I shall be 'sacked.' Should I reveal his swindle?"

A matter for your own conscience. I should protest first. If he sacks you, your conscience, and your way, are clear. In any case, you are better out of such a firm.

Should a Man Tell?

"While in the army I met a girl who, after the death of our child, married another man. I am now keeping company with a nice girl. Should I tell her of my lapse?"

You deserve to lose this girl. The decision is a matter for your sense of honour. You cannot base happiness on deception.

Her Fiance's Trouble!

"My fiancé has borrowed money he cannot pay. He wants me to give him my savings to get him out of trouble. Otherwise he threatens to break off our engagement."

Keep your money and take your liberty. A threat in such a case is a deciding test. He is not a real man, much less a true lover.

The Woman Pays.

"Married 25 years, I have six children, the eldest a widow with a baby, whom I have to support, and another in a mental institution. My husband, a kind man and good father, goes on periodical drinking bouts. Am I justified in leaving him, or must I still carry on? He is always sorry afterwards."

Carry on! If you leave him he will not drink less, and financially you will be no better off. Never give up hope with an otherwise good husband and kind father.

The Young Idea.

"My lover will not go out with me because my girl friend will not go out with his boy friend. Must I lose him for that?"

He is obviously a luke-warm lover, and as you are only eighteen you need not give way to despair. A few years hence you will smile at your trouble.

A Cruel Husband.

"My husband, once all the world to me, took to drink after our second child was born. He knocks me about, orders me to go and tells me my successor is only waiting for the 'vacancy.'"

Make a final appeal in the name of your former happiness. If it fails, apply for a separation. After all, you have nothing to blame yourself for.

A Bank's Mistake.

"My bank has dishonoured a bill of mine, in error, though there were funds to my credit to meet it. Can I not make them pay? All they have done is to meet the bill and apologise."

The bank will probably pay without recourse to law, for an error which has really damaged you. Have you actually suffered in credit and reputation? Don't forget the poor devil of a bank clerk. They will take it out of him.

Unbidden Thoughts.

"Only a boy, I have lately, after a clean life, been troubled with terribly bad thoughts,—that I have committed a sin in the past. I am quite innocent, but these thoughts will trouble me."

Go to see a doctor. Be quite frank. There is no need for alarm, unless you persist in secret brooding.

Too Young to Despair.

"Eighteen years old, but with only one hand, I have been five years in my present job, wages 16s. a week. I have asked for more money, and cannot get it. I have a widowed mother to support. How are we to live?"

Hard lines! But do not leave your employment unless you have better to go to. Remember the proverb about not throwing out dirty water until you are sure of the clean.

A Woman's Honour.

"Owing to poverty I could not marry my school girl sweetheart. I am now better off, and she, married to a drunkard, writes to ask me to be her friend. Should I?"

By all means befriend her for old times sake. But respect her position. For want of courage you deprived her of happiness. Do not take from her the honour which remains.

A Question of Creed.

"My eldest girl wants to marry a man whom she loves with all her heart. He wishes to marry her on condition she turns Catholic. My husband strongly objects. What would you advise me to do?"

Try to educate your husband to the fact that there are many roads leading ultimately to heaven. God judges his creatures by their works—not by their creeds.

A Seller's Dilemma.

"In 1916 I was discharged a sufferer from mental disease and deafness, the result of being blown up when I was on board H.M.S. *Mohawk*. My pension was stopped last May, although I am still ill. I am walking the streets starving and in rags. I have tried all the funds, but they will give me no help whatever. What am I to do?"

Get in touch with Commander Kenworthy, M.P., House of Commons, and ask him to make the fullest enquiries as to why your pension was stopped. We are also helping.

Trivial Gossip!

A husband, thinking he was doing a bachelor friend a kindness, allowed his wife to go and tidy his house for him. Village gossip resulted, and bachelor friend offered to discontinue if unpleasantness was caused. This upset the wife, who eventually left her husband, who does not know her whereabouts. He wants to know if she is not a disgrace to her sex.

No! But she must have a bee in her bonnet if she takes offence over such a trivial matter.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A Crack for A Quack

by HARRISON OWEN

FLAUNTING an impressive "beaver" and doing his best to disguise his American nationality, an elderly man, whose name was entered on the charge sheet as "Pharus," was brought before Mr. Justice Bull on charges of fraud, misrepresentation and false pretences, to which he pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., for the public, said that "Pharus" was not prisoner's real name but was, so to speak, a nome-de-fraud. He was an American music-hall stunt merchant who invited the public to accept him as an Egyptian "healer," and, with the aid of unlimited effrontery and a glib tongue, had succeeded in gulling a number of credulous citizens.

"This man, who, I understand, receives £150 a week," said Mr. Watchdog, "claims that he can relieve 'all ills,' which, presumably, means anything from housemaid's knee to anti-Pussyfoot elbow, from cold in the head to cancer, and from corns in the boots to bats in the belfry—by means of something he calls 'zone therapy.' Stripped of music-hall patter and showman's bluff, 'zone therapy' consists of thumb-twiddling exercises varied by recitations to the effect, 'I am not lame' or 'I haven't got a gumboil,' as the case may be.

"If this mountebank confined himself to talking nonsense about how a headache can be cured by pressing one's thumb against the roof of one's mouth, so that 'You just push that headache right up through the head,' we could afford to regard him merely as a second-rate humorist and leave him to strut in the limelight to his heart's and his pocket's content, but, by claiming to cure really serious diseases, he has aroused false hopes in sufferers, many of whom have gone to the expense of travelling to centres in which he has been appearing. Cripples have sent him pathetic letters and sufferers near death have been imposed upon by his ludicrous claims, for he is even quoted as having said he can bring back life after two days of death. Having reaped a rich harvest at Nottingham, this star-spangled 'Egyptian' is now in London. He claims that he has *come* to heal; I claim that he himself must be *brought* to heel."

"PHARUS," who conducted his own defence, was several times called to order for addressing the Court as "You folks." He admitted his real name was not "Pharus," but claimed that he had as much right to the name as Lord Derby's horse, which was not born in Egypt, had to that of "Pharos."

"Suppose any of you folk are bald," continued the finger-faker, "all you have to do is to rub the finger-nails of one hand against the finger-nails of the other for five minutes a day, and you will have more hair on your head than Mr. Watchdog has in his wig. This is the science of zone therapy, and I am no less a scientist because my consulting-room is the stage of a music-hall."

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty."

"I do not profess to know what zone therapy is," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "but by any other name it would smell as fishy. To call this thumb-twiddling a science is ridiculous, even though its practitioner does earn a thumb 'screw' of £150 a week. I agree that these five-finger exercises would be merely humorous were it not that unfortunate sufferers are deluded into spending money, cherishing impossible hopes, and probably going without proper medical treatment.

"THE sentence of the Court is that prisoner shall surrender 85 per cent. of his loot, salary, or music 'haul' to recognised institutions for the cure of the afflicted, and that he shall be deported to Massachusetts, Luxor, the Valley of the Quacks, or whatever locality he claims is his spiritual home. If this sentence hurts either his pocket or his pride, doubtless he will be able to banish the pain by pressing his big toe against the roof of his mouth and talking through his hat."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY":—"He drew a pair of handcuffs from an inner pocket and fastened them on the boy's WRISTS BELOW HIS KNEES."

"YOUNG BRITAIN":—"Rolf and Eric, CROUCHING IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL, had already TAKEN TO THEIR HEELS."

"CAMBERLEY NEWS":—"Mr. Todd suggested that instead of two hard tennis courts, a COUPLE might be constructed at first."

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"A little man IN A BIG OVERCOAT was waiting for him IN HIS DRESSING GOWN."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"Witness spoke to the plaintiff about his drinking habits, and she replied that he was a fine man and must be SHAVED."

"SOVEREIGN MAGAZINE":—"'I'm not free,' he said, and I hardly knew his FACE, SO HOARSE AND CRACKED was it."

"DAILY MIRROR":—"She SAW his anxious-looking passionate face bent over her: she OPENED HER EYES TO SPEAK, and with the lightest of kisses he closed them."

"NORTHERN WEEKLY GAZETTE":—"The DOOR was closed behind him, and IT WALKED ALONG THE ROAD to the nearest railway station."

"TEDDINGTON NEWS":—"The bridesmaids . . . wore straight frocks of turquoise satin and BLACK CRIMSON hats with drooping ostrich plumes."

"GLASGOW CITIZEN":—"Plaintiff, giving evidence, stated the CASTLE WAS BURNED DOWN BEFORE HE LIVED IN IT."

"SUNDAY POST":—"She set her teeth and LOOKED UP BETWEEN CAUTIOUSLY PARTED LIPS."

"SUNDAY CIRCLE":—"Already she could hear the distant RUMBLE of the RAIN."

"John Bull's" Mass Selections Win 32½ Points in One Week

Silurian, 5/2	Double Court, 4/1
Brownhylda, 10/1	Night Patrol, 4/1
Tibet, 7/2	Dossier, 7/1
Stowe, 7/1	Topboot, 9/2

3 losers, 2 placed horses, 32½ points up.

In the first week of my new "mass" selections I have scored a notable "hit." I have accordingly revised the list because one or two that have won will not be worth backing next time out—either they have incurred penalties or they will be given a rest. Back each horse on a level stake—to win. If three run in one race, back the lot.

Junino	Happy Man	Golden Bud	Thoughtless
The Owl	Blackland	William Tell	Young Pole
Hetaeria	Charles Surface	Lady Sleipner	Grand Knight
D'Orsay	Sicyon	Cuckoo	A.B.C.
Westmead	Beauregard	Sunny Rose	Psychology
Soubriquet	Tomahawk	Mademoiselle M.	First Magic
Duncan Gray	Lizzie S. colt	White Bud	Condover
Straitlace	Shrove	George Drake	Hades
Stowe	Pomona	Wild Mint	Tremola
Dossier	Colossus	Drury	Hamlet
Keivin			

ONE of the great coups of the year came unstuck last week through a cast-iron certainty breaking a blood-vessel when he had his race won. These things happen to a man who is out of luck.

When Out of Luck.

As I've said before: if you're out of luck, stop betting. Don't go after your money unless you want the coke hammer where the back stud fits, and don't try to change the luck by betting blindly. That is the way to the moneylenders.

An Unpopular Trainer.

"Thank God he didn't win!" said somebody at Epsom about a trainer who, having fiddled and lied, was pipped by the last horse in the world he expected. The unpopular trainer can be very unpopular, and there are two about whom I have never heard a good word spoken.

Tobermory Improves.

Congratulations to that clever and popular young man, Mr. Stanley Wootton, who has improved Tobermory almost beyond recognition. In May he was 2 st. 7 lb. behind Moidore, finishing fourth in a selling race. To-day he can win second-class handicaps with ease and facility. When an Epsom three-year-old starts improving you never know where he's going to stop. We may yet see Tobermory win a Cesarewitch.

Snapping the Finish.

Will the Jockey Club adopt the Belgian method of photographing the finishes of races? It is a scheme which I tried to introduce in Johannesburg 18 years ago. The point against it is that it makes the judge nervous. By the way, I should like to have seen a photograph showing Minoru "winning" the Derby. In my humble judgment, if ever there was a horse that *didn't* win the Derby it was Minoru.

Favourites Will Win.

At Ascot this week I think you are entitled to back the favourites. It seems years since they won on the Royal Heath. If Double Hackle's running in the Queen's Handicap is any criterion, he should not be numbered amongst the winners. Epinard, Scyphius, Craigangower, Papyrus, Twelve Pointer, Knockando, Teresina, Mumtaz Mahal, Straitlace and Night Patrol should be amongst the winners. Don't overlook my "mass" horses.

Some Rules for Ascot.

A few good rules to follow at Ascot are:

1. Back the best horse in the race irrespective of his weight. Back horses that have won big stakes this year.

2. Leave out of account any horse that has consistently *failed* through the year. Horses have "relapses" from which they recover, but they do not actually make a show at Ascot unless they have already run forward or won.

Last Year's Lessons.

Last year's Ascot winners were (excluding two-year-olds): Collaborator (winner of 600 sovs.); Double Hackle (winner of 500 sovs.); Golden Myth (winner of 840 sovs.); Villars (ran well in Derby); Captain Cuttle (Derby winner of 11,000 sovs.); Fred Power (winner of 1,600 sovs.); Varzy (3rd in Victoria Cup); Backwood (winner of a small race); Pogrom (winner of Oaks, 6,000 sovs.); Two Step (first time out as 3-y.o.); Poisoned Arrow (Places in good races); Sicyon (winner of 850 sovs.); Alienor (4th in 1,000 sovs. race); Pharmacie (2nd in 950 sovs. race); Dry Toast (ran in Derby); Ardavon (4th in good-class race); Welsh Spear (unluckily beaten in 700 sovs. race); Proconsul (winner of 2 races); Dragoon (winner); Air Balloon (winner 890 sovs.); King Sol (winner 800 sovs.).

Back Winners.

If you refuse to believe that any horse (bar dark two-year-olds) will open their winning account at Ascot, and stick to the good winners of good races, you will make money. This doesn't work out so well in handicaps, but it *does* work out. On this basis you would confine your wagers on the Royal Hunt Cup to Condover, Sicyon, Soval, Eaglehawk, Epinard, Clochnaben, Moabite, George Drake, Karl and Torlonia, and two of the first three should come from this parcel.

One little warning. The good three and four-year-old horses usually give the handicaps a miss and go for the weight-for-age races.

How to Bet.

I have been asked by a reader to settle this knotty problem: is it best to bet "straight" or to indulge in "any to come," "stakes on," "up and down" wagers. Perhaps that isn't as difficult a question to answer as it looks. A little time ago I had a competition, and the people who betted "straight" won. There were about 5,000 "papers," and the competitors who lost were those who indulged in funny wagers. A straight double or treble is the more lucrative because the stake required is small and the reward is big.

The Derby Time.

I note that the Special Commissioner of the *Sportsman* makes the time of the Derby 2.36, as against the 2.38 of the time keepers. I'm ready to swear that it was not under 2.37. I "clocked" the race with a watch made for me by Constantin of Geneva, and I made the time 2.37-4/5, and I had my glasses on the field when the horses moved up to the jump.

When I go to Germany I shall try to get one of the stop watches which the German artillery used. I am told that they are the very nearest to perfection. What I object to so strenuously is the "English" stop watch which bears in microscopic figures on the dial "Swiss made."

The Mass System.

Readers will observe that my mass selections again showed a good profit. The new mass may even do better. Some readers are in doubt as to what they should do if three or more run in one race. They should back the lot. The best system (since so many ask for systematic methods of investment) is to divide a bank into fifty parts and back each horse for a fiftieth (£2 stake on £100 bank). I am going to work a £500 bank on my new "mass" and my stakes will be £10. May even be rash and work a twenty-fifth, but that is my trouble. The advantage of this system is that your stakes increase with your winnings, and diminish with your losses.

Royal Hunt Cup.

My remarks on this race will be very brief. I have come to the conclusion that the race will be won by Westmead, Pondoland or Psychology, and I shall take

WESTMEAD

to represent me as the best thing of the week.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

"I have looked at the Hunt Cup entries carefully and studied the weights, and from what I have seen of the progress made by Pondoland, I really think he is a good, sound each way investment," writes my Newmarket man.

* * *

Northumberland Plate.

Several well-known and fancied candidates from Newmarket will compete in the Pitmen's Derby. I like the chances of Irish Belfry and Bellman, and if the race comes to headquarters I think it will be by the aid of the better of those two.

* * *

Bellman has been specially reserved for this race. He forfeited the Queen's Handicap at Kempton to run here. Like Irish Belfry, he is on the up grade, and has made good improvement since running third in the Chester Cup. He is a good genuine stayer, and will, no doubt, show to better advantage here than round the turns at Chester. I understand that R. Jones has been engaged to ride. The horse is giving complete satisfaction in his preparation, and the connections have every confidence in his making a bold bid for victory.

* * *

Soubriquet was no doubt very unlucky at Epsom, for after getting very badly away she was a good third to Condover and Craigangower for the Coronation Cup.

Sports and by ROWLEY

OUR 12 TO FOLLOW.

Papyrus was amongst my original 12 to follow. Since they were published (May 26th) the following of my 12 have won:

Tibet 7 to 2. Condover 11 to 4
Silurian 5 to 2.

I had substituted Colossus for Tibet, but I now revise the list again. (I am not claiming the Derby victory of Papyrus as a victory for my horses to follow).

Twelve Pointer (7 fur. to 1 mile).
Wild Mint (5 fur.)
The Owl (5 or 6 fur.)
Lady Sleipner (7 fur. to 1 mile).
Condover (1 mile to 1¼ miles).
Diligence (any distance).
Parth (any distance).
Tremola (6 fur. to 1 mile).
Craigangower (1 to 2½ miles).
Miss Majority (7 fur. to 1½ miles).
Bart Snowball (7 fur. to 1 mile).
Overseer (7 fur. to 1 mile).

I hardly think she will be pulled out for this race.

* * *

I have no strong liking for Bowood or London Cry, a remark which also applies to Lambton's trio Stanislaus (probably the winner of the Cesarewitch), Silurian and Centurion.

* * *

Perfectus will be returned a winner shortly if he fails here, and Young Pole's running second to Silurian at Kempton gives him a good chance of scoring.

* * *

Donna Inez.

Donna Inez I think represents the best outside chance. She was very prominent in the Great Metropolitan and has done well since. She is having a good preparation and giving every satisfaction. If she is seen out in the Ascot Stakes, that race will of course be the best guide.

Double Hackle has enough weight, and did not run at Kempton as though he would win this. He is not too sound on his forelegs, and they were a great anxiety to his trainer all last year.

* * *

Ellangowan.

Ellangowan returned to headquarters after taking part in the Derby, looking none the worse for his outing. In fact, I believe he was a bit off colour while at Epsom.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

(The two horses starred are the "Daily Double.")

ROYAL ASCOT (WEDNESDAY).

1.30 Evander* (Bowood, Ardavon).
2.30 ROYAL HUNT CUP: Westmead (see note)
3.0 Knight of the Garter (Mansouriyah, L'Aiglon).
3.30 Twelve Pointer (Papyrus, Moabite).
4.0 Tranquil (Shrove, Teresina).
4.30 Scyphius (Cos, Golden Boss).
5.0 Ellangowan* (Star Chamber, Tories).

ROYAL ASCOT (THURSDAY).

1.30 Too Gallant* (Shrove, Moabite).
2.30 THE GOLD CUP: Diligence* (Happy Man, Chivalrous).
3.0 Scyphius (Cos, Phaon).
3.30 Bucks Hussar* (Diligence, Erehwemos).
4.0 Druid's Orb (Tippler, L'Aiglon).
4.30 Sicyon (Crowdennis, Duncan Gray).
5.0 Condover (Collaborator, Leighton Tor).

ROYAL ASCOT (FRIDAY).

1.30 Ragout (Son o' Love, Sierra Leone).
2.30 Doris* (Kinnaird, Papyrus).
3.0 Royal Crescent (Friar's Daughter, Purple Shade).
3.30 Linby* (Isle of Wight, Proconsul).
4.0 Kelvin* (Twelve Pointer, Legality).
4.30 Bucks Hussar (Chivalrous, Flint Jack).
5.0 Zanoni (Golden Box).

ROYAL WINDSOR (SATURDAY).

2.0 Dossier (White Bread, Cockpit).
2.30 Castrimagh (Mitchelis, Dark Vizier).
3.0 Karl (Silver Grass, Gay Canopy).
3.30 Scandalous (White Cat, Glenbellona).
4.0 Abbey Island (Ocotemi, Irish Eagle).
4.30 Scamp.

Sportsmen
MILE

A Gilpin Youngster.

Royal Crescent is the best two-year-old Gilpin has found at present. She was expected to run at Epsom, but plans were changed, and she is now to compete for the Queen Mary Stakes at Ascot, and those who support this good-looking grey daughter of Royal Canopy will have no cause to complain.

* * *

Luck's Way is another very useful two-year-old, trained by Gilpin, that can be put down as a certain winner at a very early date.

RUNNERS I HAVE NOTED.

There were several unlucky losers at Epsom, but none more conspicuously so, perhaps, than Overseer. Unfortunately, the fact was generally noted.

* * *

An own brother to Bucks Hussar, Bucks Yeoman is a better sort altogether. Enough was seen of the colt in the Woodcote Stakes to suggest that he will win races.

* * *

Albeit this is scarcely the best time of year for mares, it may be as well to keep an eye on Kwannon the first time she appears in public. When known as the Osaka filly she showed smart form as a two-year-old, and she has more than fulfilled her early promise.

* * *

Jackdaw of Rheims, who won three races out of four attempts as a two-year-old in Ireland, made his first appearance on an English racecourse at Lewes last week. He must not be judged by his form on that occasion, and will probably pay to follow.

* * *

Everyone would like to see the veteran "Joe" Butters with a good horse, and rumour credits him with training a smart youngster in Gurnel, who is due to make his debut shortly.

* * *

Although Harry Tate was a bit outclassed at Epsom, he was not altogether disgraced, and he will win plenty of races in second-rate company.

* * *

No horse trained at Newmarket has been moving in better style of late than Brinklow, who is worth keeping an eye upon for any engagement he may fulfil in the near future.

* * *

Judging by the amount of attention he has been paying to her lately, "Jack" Jarvis expects to get a race out of Lake Leman, who is well bred enough for anything.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

The fact may be worth bearing in mind that Lighthouse is engaged in the St. Leger.

* * *

Young Pole stuck well to Silurian for a long time at Kempton Park, and should win a race before the summer is over.

* * *

Bessema has grown into a really fine mare, and will doubtless be worth bearing in mind in the autumn.

* * *

Bellman did not fulfil his engagement in the Queen's Handicap at Kempton Park owing to the difficulty experienced in securing the services of a suitable jockey.

* * *

Kitsiwitsy may not prove much of a bargain to her new owner, for she will have to be carefully placed if she is to win races. The filly only barely gets the earliest five furlongs.

Evander soon recovered from the injuries inflicted by Double Heckle at Manchester. He was in strong work again a few days afterwards, and has been kept at it ever since.

* * *

The Nimble Two-Year-Old Plate at Windsor last Saturday attracted an entry of eighty-five. This must be almost a record for an event of the sort.

ALL SPORTS.

People seem to be getting excited about the "Judge *v.* Referee" question in boxing. The truth is that the referee in a modern match has quite enough to do watching his men to see that they fight fair. The judge, in my opinion, is really necessary. He takes, or should take, a larger and more comprehensive view of a contest.

* * *

It is almost impossible to look for two things at once. It is like asking the judge at a race meeting to describe the running of the horses and watch for foul riding, and at the same time hold his brain fresh and clear to give a decision in a close finish, to expect a judge to do the referee's work or vice versa.

* * *

There is what I might term a more sporting character to this year's Olympia Horse Show. At any rate, that is the impression I received when I looked in the other day. At the same time, the social side of that function seems to increase in importance every year.

* * *

We go to press too soon to discuss the Open Golf Championship, but at the moment of writing Hagen, for all his fluky play, is still in the running. I think much too much of a fuss has been made about the "figured iron." The Americans themselves were the first to accept the spirit of the ruling.

* * *

Van't Hof looks like developing into a good welter-weight. His attack is better than his defence, and he has a little more to learn before touching the fringe of championship class.

* * *

I must confess that I was rather surprised to find Guy's so completely outclassed by Oxford in the swimming contests. Possibly the swimming is better at Oxford than it is at Rotherhithe.

* * *

A glance at the entries for the Lawn Tennis Championship at Wimbledon does not inspire me with any passionate hope that the colours of England will be on top. It is queer, when so much tennis is played in this country, how mediocre is our showing on occasions like this.

* * *

I passed through Henley on Wednesday on my way to Newbury, and it smelt of new green paint and geraniums! Given good weather, Henley is going to surpass itself this year. The prices of lodgings, houses and punts have also undergone an upward movement—a fact which readers will do well to bear in mind.

SELECTIONS.

NOTE.—The best class horses at Ascot are entered in three, sometimes five, races. The following horses are fairly certain to be returned winners:

Mumtaz Mahal, Straitface, Pharos, Top Gallant, Scyphius, Bucks Hussar, Cos, Teresina, Diligence, Papyrus, Golden Boss, Kelvin, Doric and Knight of the Garter, but it is impossible to say in which races they will run. Some will have run and won before JOHN BULL is on sale.

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LIVING ON YOUR NERVE.

And Its Dangers.

Everybody has a store of nervous energy. When work or worry without sufficient rest exhausts this store, a condition results that medical men call neurasthenia. It is met with in those who have had many anxieties, business men who worry over their affairs and do not take proper rest, and women who work beyond their strength.

The signs are clear. Your complexion becomes pale, you imagine unpleasant things, your brain insists on working when you want to go to sleep. Sometimes you are melancholy. You worry about yourself and your work and cannot forget your anxieties.

No doctor can cure neurasthenia; you have to do it yourself. First, worry less and don't overtax your strength; then, take Dr. Williams' pink pills, for they supply new blood to feed your worn-out nerves, and so steadily build up your health.

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Is Kitchener Forgotten?

Recalling to-day as the seventh anniversary of the tragic death of Lord Kitchener, I ask myself "Why haven't they erected a memorial to remember him by." I know how you discussed the great disaster of his death many times in your paper, and felt at once I must write and ask if any of your other readers have similar thoughts. I know we have more important problems to solve, by far, for many years to come, but the idea remains—is he forgotten?—*B. W. A., South Norwood.*

Help for Horse Buyers.

With reference to the remark of the Old Street magistrate on the sale of worn-out horses, it may interest many of your readers, who are prospective horse buyers, to know that the R.S.P.C.A. frequently advertise in the daily press, offering to inspect free of charge any horse, pony or donkey before purchase.—*A. R., West Derby.*

"Till Death us do Part."

On visiting a poor law institution here the other day, where, it is true, the inmates all seemed happy enough, the thought struck me how much nicer it would be if the poor old married couples could end their days together instead of the men having separate wards and the women theirs. Couldn't such a thing as married quarters be established at very little extra cost? Surely being parted like this when they have lived years together often tends to shorten these old couples' lives.—*(Mrs.) G. Lee, Chelmsford.*

Local Broadcasting.

Now that so many amateurs have secured licences for broadcasting, I think it would be far better if the Broadcasting Companies would close down for one night a week or perhaps one night a fortnight and allot each amateur desirous of broadcasting a limit for that evening. At present locals often spoil other concerts and no doubt a night for locals broadcasting would be much appreciated by all.—*F. W. H., Bridgtown.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Tips for the Chancellor.

If betting is legalised, the suggested collection of taxes will create another host of officials making big inroads into the revenue received. Let the Government adopt the totalisator on all race courses and also open up totalisator offices in various centres taking 10 per cent. on the money invested. Let all betting be for cash only. The credit system does doubtless prove a temptation to a man to go beyond the amount he can afford to lose.

Secondly: Why not adopt official pawnshops as is the case in France? This would ensure that a needy person received a fair advance on articles pledged, and be a more effectual means of tracing stolen property offered on pledge and would further prove a source of considerable profit to the Government.

Thirdly: Shopkeepers selling tobacco or patent medicines are called upon to pay an annual licence of 5s. 3d. and 5s. respectively. Why not put a tax of a similar amount on other tradespeople not already paying one?—*J. K., Nottingham.*

Why not Cheaper Beer?

Some three or more years ago, beer was raised to sevenpence a pint. Three reasons were given for the advanced price, viz., increase in Excise duty, increase in brewery employees' wages, and increase in the price of barley. Since then brewery employees' wages have been reduced certainly twice, if not three times. Barley is now little more than half the price it was then, and Excise duty has been reduced. We have beer reduced one penny a pint as a result of the reduction of Excise duty, but we have no reduction from the brewers as a result from the reduction in wages and the price of barley! Will the brewers explain what has become of the margin since reduction in wages and price of barley?—*T. L. L., Nottingham.*

Pensions Instead of Insurance.

Experience has proved the existing Health Insurance Act a failure. As an alternative I suggest that it should be repealed and a substitution made whereby the same amounts of contribution could be made towards pensions for all insurable occupations, and even extended to everybody engaged in manual labour, payment terminating at the age of 60. If death intervened before that age, benefits paid out according to the amounts paid in, together with a small rate of interest added by the State. The amount of pensions benefit should be equal for all, no deduction being made according to the earning capacity of the recipient as at present.—*H. C. E., Thornbury.*

Spring Cleaning the Turf.

I wonder when the "heads," who are responsible for our racing laws, are going to put a stop to the welshing and dishonest running of some of our so-called "sporting owners." It is happening every day under their very eyes, and surely they must be able to judge whether a horse is out to win or not. After the recent startling revelations in JOHN BULL by Pat Barrie (very interesting articles), it is easily seen between the lines that even the top of the tree in the sporting world take a hand in the game. It is high time the turf had a thorough spring clean from stable to winning post. Then the stay-at-home punter who risks a bob on his fancy would know he was getting a fair run for his money.—"*Sixpence Each Way.*"

Labelling the Unmarried Mother

Why should the unmarried mother be labelled? It is a rule in certain large maternity hospitals in London to make the girl obtain three testimonials before they will condescend to book a bed for her. If the testimonials are satisfactory, she is presented with a ticket bearing the words "Single Patient" written in red ink. On presenting her ticket for admission she is treated lightly, sometimes rudely, by the nurses. Is it any wonder that the poor creatures conceal the births of their little ones rather than be subject to such treatment?—*Midwife, Rothill.*

Noble Deeds

Certain Death.

The bravest deed I have ever heard of took place in Mesopotamia during the War. The Russians had fired some oil wells. The taps were red-hot and surrounded by spouting columns of flame. A Scottish civilian engineer plunged through the flames, turned off the taps, and was immediately burned to a cinder.—*Q.M.S., Aldershot.*

A Child Hero.

A few weeks ago some children were walking along a narrow road, one pushing a baby in a pram. As they reached a dangerous turning a motor-van came along, and the children, rushing to the side of the road, left the baby in the pram in danger. A brave little boy, aged five, ran and pulled the pram aside. In so doing he was knocked down and so seriously injured that the poor little fellow died shortly afterwards.

He saved the baby's life and sacrificed his own.—*W. W., Maidenhead.*

A Brave House-painter.

While a man was burning off paint in a bedroom, a little girl came in to watch him. By some mischance, his burning-off lamp suddenly became aflame, and it dropped at the foot of the child. Another second, and the little one's clothes would have been probably burnt to death. But, quick as thought the man picked up the burning mass with his bare hands and hurled it across the room: then placed himself in front of the child to save her from the inevitable explosion. The lamp burst and one of the pieces caught the brave fellow in the cheek. This disfigurement and terribly burned hands are the result of his heroism—but he saved the child from a terrible death.—*G. Doran, 89, Wolverhampton Road, Walsall.*

No Thought of Self.

Near me lived a man and wife who had long wished for a child, but none was sent to bless their union. At last they decided to adopt one, and went to one of the societies which care for homeless orphans. They had always wanted a blue-eyed, curly haired boy, and when they arrived at the home they found dozens of beautiful little mites to choose from, and they couldn't make up their minds which to have, as all were so pretty. Then suddenly the woman's eye fell on a poor, pale-faced, plain, puny little girl baby eight months old, all by itself in a corner. On making enquiries they were told that the little thing was so plain and so delicate that no one would adopt her. The woman went straight to that little child and took her in her arms and cried over her and said, "Oh, we will have this little mite whom nobody wants, because she has no one to love her." They adopted that girl, and the child is now strong and healthy and happy.

I think this was a noble deed, especially as they had all along wanted a boy.—*J. P. F., London.*

Risking Death for His Comrades

On October 10, 1922, at Barnsley Main Colliery a workman, named Burton, had an epileptic fit while guiding a tub down an inclined road; Arthur Hatcher and two other men proceeded to carry him down the road towards the exit. Meanwhile, owing to Burton's absence, a tub which had been left at the top began to run down the road towards the men. Hatcher heard it coming and saw the danger as there was no siding in which they could seek safety. He moved up the track and threw himself down in front of the tub and brought it to a standstill. Hatcher was very severely injured about the spine and legs, but without doubt, he saved the other men from serious injury, or even death, by his most noble act.—*John Burke, Newcastle.*

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ALL YOU HAVE TO DO.

Study carefully the 15 popular posters reproduced in miniature herewith. Decide which 10 you consider the most attractive. Beneath each poster you will find a number. PRINT the number of the posters which appeal to you most in their order of merit on one or both of the voting coupons which appear on either side of this page. Fill in your name and address, cut out the voting coupon or coupons along the very fine line, and post to The Manager, Great Poster Ballot, 12B, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, together with remittance for 2s. 6d. Cut out whole coupon each.

At the close of Ballot, date of which will be shortly announced, every vote will be counted by a leading firm of chartered accountants, and the Ballot decided in accordance with the votes of the majority. Any number of coupons can be sent in the same envelope.

The whole of the Prize Money, amounting to £5,250, has been deposited in the names of Trustees at our Bankers.

Results will appear in the Daily Papers.

YOU CAN USE ONE OR BOTH OF THE VOTING COUPONS ON THIS PAGE. ENCLOSING 2s. 6d. IF BOTH ARE USED. ENCLOSE 5s.

1st PRIZE £3,000
2nd PRIZE £1,000

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS
NUMEROUS OTHER CASH PRIZES FROM £100—£1

3rd PRIZE £350
4th PRIZE £200

VOTING COUPON (J.B.)

I hereby enter for the Great Poster Ballot and agree to the rules thereof. I select the 10 posters which I consider the most attractive in the following order of merit.

FIRST		Fill in Numbers of Posters in this Column
SECOND		
THIRD		
FOURTH		
FIFTH		
SIXTH		
SEVENTH		
EIGHTH		
NINTH		
TENTH		

(Fill in your Name and Address in Plain Block Letters in Ink.)

Name in Full (Mr., Mrs. or Miss) .....

Address .....

.....

Post the whole of the Coupon in (1½d.) envelope to the Manager, Great Poster Ballot, 12B, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, together with remittance for 2s. 6d.

Cut out the whole coupon along every line.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

A. K. B. (Plaistow).—"Why doesn't somebody invent a burglar-proof window?" Bet there's a catch somewhere.

G. R. (Brighton).—"On the Parade here I saw a full-blooded negro driving a motor lorry." More black-leg labour!

JANE T. (Mexboro). — "My neighbour says I'm a fool." Cheer up! Perhaps she means that you're *next* to one.

STEPHEN (Cambridge). — "Golf is a rich man's game." Not so sure. We've seen some pretty poor players lately.

A. T. (Westgate).—"His dog always attacks me and I mean to send him a letter about it." Send a P.C. instead.

B. W. (Edgware). — "I don't mind saying that I never tip waiters." Don't apologise, you're giving nothing away!

T. W. (Halifax).—"A palmist told me I should marry a dark man." Cheer up! Perhaps you'll win a sweep one day.

M. K. (Chiswick).—"Given time many criminals would alter their ways." But most of them are given time.

G. M. (Chester). — "I don't think much of this country." Seems to us you don't think much at all!

B. L. T. (Matlock).—"Seriously where is the solution to be found?" Haven't an idea! Who had it last?

F. H. G. (Hull).—"I have heard of a proposal to tax betting." My word! News *does* travel these days, doesn't it?

GAY DOG (Buxton).—"I don't know whether to see a doctor or not." Judging by your *nom-de-plume*, what about a vet.?

DONALD (Arbroath). — "I'm taking a course in French, Spanish, Shorthand and Bookkeeping." Sounds more like a Table d'hote than a course to us.

AUNTIE (Southend). — "A plain soda costs from 3d. to 6d. here. The price should be marked up." We certainly prefer it in Black and White ourselves.

JAUNT (Bootle).—"This year I'm taking the wife and family to London for a holiday." My! Won't London be crowded.

A. M. (Barnwood).—"The small man shouldn't have to pay the same as the large bookmaker." That's about the size of it.

JUST BILL (Chester).—"If you were me what would you do?" Probably we'd write and ask what you would do if you were us.

F. G. (Falmouth).—"I enclose stamp for your reply." Not the slightest use. Our reply'll be big enough to cover a postcard.

FED UP (Shrewsbury). — "When are rents coming down?" When some more houses go up.

H. R. T. (Bilston).—"How is it possible to tell if a man is a genius?" You don't have to—he'll tell you himself.

R. K. (Chislehurst).—"Picture postcards have gone out of fashion." Stamped out, so to speak.

PATER (Southampton).—"My son has a natural bent for journalism." Then he'll soon get broke!

ROVER (Chatham). — "My favourite dog is all but human." Our favourite goat is all butt, too!

W. V. R. (Clapham).—"All kinds of people live at Clapham." And, of course, some *are* on the Common side!

LONELY (Ipswich).—"I spend most of my time by myself." Hope you're in good company.

FAIRPLAY (Hessle).—"Why can't we all have pensions." We're not old enough yet for one thing.

A. G. G. (Trealaw).—"Large sums of money are being spent on inventions to destroy life." Then we may expect to see another new insect powder on sale shortly.

P. W. (Folkestone).—"The Government owe a lot to the people." And, judging by our Income Tax return, we owe a lot to the Government.

LILY (Acton).—"I can't stand the type of young man who puts grease on his hair." Think it makes him fat-headed?

IVY (Watford).—"Why don't women win the big *Bullets* prizes?" My dear Ivy, a woman won £1,000 three weeks ago. What more do you want?

CONSIDERING (Upper Norwood).—"I am, and always have been, a man of peace." Then you're a confirmed bachelor.

F. T. (Middlesbrough).—"My boss doesn't pay me any more than I'm worth." Dear! Dear!! however do you manage to live on it.

PLOT (Plumstead).—"It must be admitted that houses have come down lately." Quite so! We noticed the kitchen sink this morning.

COLOUR (Mount Vernon).—"Do you think there's any money to be made in poster work?" All the billposters have hoardings anyhow.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

E. C. (Swansea).—"My little girl is a splendid elocutionist." Cheer up! she'll probably grow out of it.

PLAID (Seacombe).—"I detest people who put on airs." So do we, unless they put them on the gramophone.

A. M. L. (Morecambe).—"I still have my drop of 'toddy' every night." Good lad! that's the spirit.

FLO (Gloucester).—"It's unlucky to get married in May." Why May particularly?

K.M. (Dunoon).—"We're simply going round and round in a circle." My word! You're making us feel quite giddy.

O. B. (Selkirk).—"Why are menus always printed in French?" Cause "poisson" sounds so much more refined than "bloater."

TIRED-OUT (Wakefield).—"Insipid picture of so-called bathing beauties should be cut out of the papers." We've cut some of them out ourselves.

H. G. (Teddington).—"The world is upside down these days." Dearie us! Here we've been in Australia all this time without knowing it.

M. A. C. (Leith).—"Before very long we'll be seeing women in the boxing-ring." And training in the bargain basements we suppose.

A. K. (Broadstairs).—"I wouldn't live in London for anything." There's certainly not much chance of you doing it for nothing.

TRUTH (Regent's Park).—"The only pure race on earth are the coloured." All the more reason why the colours shouldn't be mixed.

A. A. (Lewisham).—"The street tipster is becoming a public menace." Unless he tips winners; then he becomes a public benefactor.

W. R. S. (Worthing).—"Judging by the paper all the streets are up in London." No, sir! not *all*; haven't you a few down in Worthing for instance?

SANDY (Dundee): "Scotland is getting more and more musical every day." Fancy that now! We hadn't heard that bagpipes were going out of fashion.

L. G. (Gt. Crosby).—"A man called and offered to enlarge a photograph free if I'd purchase a frame." An old swindle. Hope you told him you were out.

FRANK G. (Cleckheaton).—"It's a pity that the close season for oysters should be in the summer." You wouldn't expect to find the close season in the winter would you?

DARJEELING (Croydon).—"It would be infinitely better to eat bread and cheese and drink pure beer." Excepting for the bread and cheese we agree with you.

CURIOUS (Leith).—"How many Members of Parliament are there?" Too.

L. B. (Retford).—"I even make some of my husband's clothes." That's *one* way of keeping him at home.

PUNTER (Brighton).—"Why don't the politicians get back to their horses?" And put their chauffeurs out of jobs?

MAUDIE (Tonbridge).—"Father says that tennis is only an excuse for flirting." There now! However does Dad know?

T. R. (Woolwich).—"To give a child worldly wisdom a good pair of eyes are the best teachers." Pupil teachers of course!

QUIZZY (Walsall).—"What does a grass widow mean?" Usually, the opposite of what she says.

A. R. T. (Fulham).—"I have an artistic taste." Then get a palette and paint something.

A. D. H. (Glossop).—"Who can tell if a man is married or not?" In many instances his wife would know.

B. A. T.—"Britain will have to look to its laurels." Which reminds us that our cabbage patch wants tidying up.

DISGUSTED (Luton).—"Why don't we tell America out straight?" Well, why? We'll buy it.

JANET (Dover).—"Are men with blue eyes generally kind?" Sometimes. Those with black eyes are often disagreeable.

LOYAL READER (Haslemere).—"Sunstar won the Derby in 1911 at 18-8." Hasn't your bobbie paid up yet?

R. C. (Brighton).—"Modesty forbids me mentioning the name of the hero in question." Still you've written it down for us.

ACTIVE (Rotherhithe).—"My old man won't do a thing in the house. He just lies about on the sofa." Shame! You must do something to make him sit up.

W. A. C. (Sheffield).—"Winston Churchill doesn't seem to be much in the limelight lately." But we've an idea he's busy behind the scenes somewhere.

A. R. W. (Gravesend).—"Men have their faults but there's a lot that is good in most of them." Sure! particularly after a masonic banquet.

HENRY DONO (Dublin).—"What *is* conscience?" Conscience, Henry, is that still small voice that tells you someone is looking.

PATRIOT (Dorking).—"What is it our poor benighted country needs most?" A face powder that won't come off against the shoulder of a blue serge suit.

NICKO (Cork).—"How can I tell good whisky from bad?" Send us a case of each. The one that comes back must be very bad.

H. W. (Gravesend).—"Why not a graduated receipt stamp? I would willingly pay 10s. on receiving £10,000." So would we. Amen, Amen.

H. M. (South Shields).—"Boys will be boys." "Wrong again," says our office boy. "They will be men!" Smart lad, that!

PIECE-WORK (Poole).—"It's a good job some of the upper class don't have to work for their living." And it's a very good job they'd want if they had to.

J. R. (Seaham Harbour).—"Nobody seems to take any interest in the way sweets are exposed for sale." Don't you believe it—it simply fascinates our kiddies.

AMBITIOUS (Newport).—"Work is the greatest thing in the world. Look at the ant." We looked. And we noticed that he works like the very deuce all his life and then gets stepped on.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Post the Coupon On Page 2 TO-DAY

and receive a

2/6 "Ever-pointed" Pencil FREE!

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A £12-12-0 WASHING MACHINE for 19/6.

Mrs. J. BOON, 25, Colchester Road, Walthamstow, E.17, writes:—"I have pleasure to inform you that I have tested your 'SWIFTSURE' Vacuum Washer, and only wish I had known of them before, as only 12 months ago I paid £12 12s. 0d. for a Washer. I have given the 'SWIFTSURE' Vacuum Washer a good trial and find I get better results. Enclosed 19/6 for payment.

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is all you pay for our No. 402A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on

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Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓ p.c. below shop price. Write TO-DAY for illus. art catalogue.

Mead Cycle Company (Dept. B.697), Birmingham

CASH OR **£5 5s.**

Small Ads. Worth Watching

Continued from page 3.

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CORNS and Warts Exterminated!—"Bluebell" Liquid Corn Cure. A real root remover. Results marvellous. Bottles, 1/1d. Posted 1/-.—Fairfield Drug Co., 1125, Govan Rd., Govan.

DIABETES.—Why suffer? Why starve? Proofs of success.—"Surf," 98a, Maple Road, Surbiton.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, remarkable 32-p. book on genuine home cure sent privately, 3d.—H. Rivers (J.B.), 46, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

ECZEMA sufferers can obtain Instant Relief by applying D.D.D Prescription.—Send to-day for a free trial bottle to D.D.D. Laboratories (J.B. 5), 3, Fleet Lane, London.

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Mrs. Marshall, 61, Chancery Lane, Ardwick, Manchester, states:—

"For over 20 years I suffered with an ulcerated leg. The trouble commenced through a slight bruise; the part became very painful until at length three large ulcers appeared, one about four inches long.

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Do you suffer with facial eczema, pimples, or blackheads? If so, suffer no longer, for Antexema removes every spot, rash or sign of eczema. The first touch cools the inflamed surface, and all itching stops immediately. Your skin trouble starts to go away, new skin begins to grow, and day by day your skin looks healthier, until soon every blemish disappears, never to return. But remember! this is only true of Antexema. Get it and away will go your skin trouble. Get anything else and it will continue to plague you. Antexema instantly relieves and quickly cures eczema, pimples, bad legs, bad hands, insects bites and sunburn, rashes, scalp troubles, and every other form of skin illness. Whatever part of the body is affected, or however badly you have been disappointed before, Antexema will surely succeed. Antexema is not a greasy ointment, but a creamy liquid, and is invisible on the skin when applied.

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Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores, everywhere. Also of Boots, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa and Europe.

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BAD LEGS, etc. Positively and Permanently CURED, without Operation, Rest, Drugs, or Bandages, by a Wonderful New Scientific Discovery. Instant relief, safe, painless, no experimenting, no relapse, no quackery, failure impossible. *A Certain Cure*, given at Hospitals, Specialists, Surgeons, and other Treatments unsuccessful. *Hundreds of sworn Testimonials.* Sufferers should call or write now for copies. Booklet "B," and FREE TEST.

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THE DANGER OF "STOPPING TREATMENT."

Many sufferers from Venereal Disease get so "tired of treatment" that they cease to attend the doctor or hospital. But the germ does not get tired; it burrows into the deeper tissues, and grave surgical operations are often the result.

No sufferer is safe until he or she has been discharged by the doctor as cured, and any interruption of treatment may delay the cure for months or years and lead to dangerous complications.

Full information can be obtained from the Honorary Medical Secretary, National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 102a, Dean street, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

MASTERS OFFER YOU This HANDSOME COSTUME for 4/6 MONTHLY.

Tailor-made, good workmanship, and as smart a Costume as anybody could wish to wear. Made in all wool Gaze Cheviot Tweed, Navy, Grey and Mid-Grey. Fancy double to hold, pin. Forget-me-not and Hatch that will please the most particular. Price only 37/6, on easy terms. Send 4/6 now with measurements, say shade preferred, promise 4/6 monthly and you have the Costume to wear while paying for it. Satisfaction or deposit refunded. Or if you prefer a superior quality, we illustrate our No. 624 in

GUARANTEED GOOD QUALITY GABARDINE.

A new style which will please those who wish to be well dressed. An attractive costume in fine Gabardine of good quality. A high-class Tailor-made garment in Navy, Nigger, Mole and Beaver. Price only 52/6. Easy terms, 6/6 deposit and 6/6 monthly. Send deposit NOW and say which Costume we shall send you. Price List. Costumes, Sportswear, Coatfrocks, etc. Post FREE.

MASTERS, LTD., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

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If you were told of a benevolent fairy who could wave a wand and secure you against the loss entailed by accidents and ill-luck, by sickness and injury, it would seem too good to be true.

Such a boon is practical and available, not through the waving of a fairy wand, but through the development of modern business methods.

That is why the JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme makes to those who take advantage of it a gift that a few years ago would have been regarded as something impossible.

To-day it is universally recognised as a marvellous scheme which protects registered readers of this journal against the most prevalent ills of life, against loss by fire and flood, against damage in riots, against the attacks of the burglar and many similar contingencies.

And, above all, in addition to sickness benefits and medical fees, and a weekly rent allowance during reinstatement after fire, it provides cover against *all* home accidents.

The great outstanding merit of the JOHN BULL Insurance Gift is that it differs from and surpasses all insurance schemes, covering all Home Accidents, whether resulting in a fracture or otherwise.

The JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme covers accidents which may occur to anybody in the home.

Moreover, the JOHN BULL Insurance Scheme deals direct with its readers. It does not employ insurance companies, whose experts are skilful at evading claims. It aims at giving all its readers sympathetic treatment.

To get this great gift, register as a reader by filling in the forms published in this issue. You get the best value in journalism for your 2d. a week and the Insurance Gift for nothing.

SUFFERING WIDOWS

Mothers of Heroes Shamefully Neglected

Some of the most distressing cases of poverty which we are called upon to assist from "The Greatest of These" Fund concern widows who have lost their sons in the war, and are reduced to terrible straits through official parsimony.

Here is a typical case which came to us last week:

"I am a widow since twenty-three years and lost my two sons in the war. I am suffering from inoperable cancer, and am in great pain, and unable to do anything for myself. I am not receiving enough to keep a house over my head, let alone pay anyone to look after me."

Here is what her medical attendant says about her:

"It is a very bad case. She lost two sons in the war, and at first received a pension of £1 a week, which a grateful country cut down to 8s. 5d. That an Englishwoman in such circumstances should be driven to Poor Law relief is a terribly sad thing and most unpardonable. It is a very sad and bad case, and one of base ingratitude of the Government towards a wretched widow existing in appalling circumstances."

The Honorary Secretary of the British Legion, who is a member of the local War Pensions Committee, writes in regard to this case:

"I have applied for assistance to the British Red Cross Society, the Soldiers and Sailors' and Air Force Families" Association, the Emergency Help Society, and the United Services Fund, and have been refused by them all. They appear to be bound in red tape."

Such are the cases which "The Greatest of These——" Fund helps.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, 41 to 43, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Sympathiser," 1s. 1d.; Anon. (Clapham Old Town), 10s.; J. A. C., 6d.; Mrs. B. (Dundee), parcel; W. E. H., 1s.; "Uncle Tom," 1s.; "A Stranger," parcel; W. H. G., 5s.; "Geordie," 1s.; R. G., 1s.; "3 Eonians," 2s. 6d.; "Tour," 3s.; "Cymro," 1s.; "Old Year Ninth," 2s. 9d.; "Betty and Co.," 3s.; "Windy Escapade," 3s.; "Quarter Share," 2s. 6d.; Anon., 6d.; J. M. B., 2s.; "Christmas Dinner," 4s.; D. P., 6½d.; L. V., 2s. 2½d.; M. C., 1s.; "Gratitude," 2s. 6d.; "Winnikens," 2s.; Jenny D., 2s. 6d.; W. W. B. and Family) 4s.; "Betty" (Chichester), 2s. 6d.; M. C. J., 1s. 6d.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 10s.; "Porky," 1s. 6d.; C. J. (Cairo), 2s. 3d.; "Margaret," £3; M. N. (Hillingdon), 5s.; C. E. W., 2s. 3d.; "What's Mine's Yours," 10d.; "One and All," 8s.; Anon., 1s. 5½d.; E. M., 1s. 6d.; J. T., 3s.; A. W. K., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W., 2s. 6d.; "Competitor," 1s.; A. H., 1s.; E. P., 6d.; Miss A. N., 3s.; W. A., 1s.; M. J. A., 3s.; Miss A. S., 9d.; J. B., 1s.; Mrs. R. A. T., 6d.; W. F. C., 1s.; A. R. B., 1s.; "Stumpo," 5s.; L. W. B., 7d.; C. H., 2s. 7d.; "Meltonley," 10s.; "Just Socked," 2s.; J. K., 2s. 6d.; M. A. H., 2d.; "1/9th," 2s.; A. G., 2s. 6d.; "Dickensian," 10s.; J. H., 1s.; "Printer's Pie," 3½d.; "Sprats," 6d.; "Grateful," 6½d.; "Spaz," 1s.; "Asda," £1; "Unlucky Jim," 1s.; "Rab," 10d.; F. McC., 5s.; (Abington), 2s. 6d.; "Black Cat," 2s.; "Wellwisher" (Tetaghur), £1; G. E. O'H., 2s. 10d.; "Little Jeanie," 5s.; F. B., 2s.; "Another Ninth," 7½d.; R. G. (Dundee), 5s.; "Tee-Bee," 1s. 1d.; "News' Boy," 2s.; "Tweedside Scot," one dollar; Anon. (Warwick), parcel; H. H. (Shanghai), 10s.; M. B., 6d.; F. E. (High Barnet), parcel; L. S., 5s.; Mrs. E. E. F., 2s.; H. F., 2s.; J. W., parcel; "Three Wellwishers" (Kingsbridge), 4s.; "A Friend," 1s.; T. M., 1s.; "Disgusted Woman," 1s.; "New Year Ninth," 1s.; T. T., 1s. 6d.; "May," 1s.; "Prizewinner," 2s.; "Kandahar," 2s. 6d.; "N., Ltd.," parcel; Mrs. E. P., parcel; Miss M. T., 1s.; J. C., 2s.; F. H., "One of the Saints," 1s.; W., £1; M. B., 6½d.; "Ninth Part Gift, W.," 4s. 6½d.; A. F. K., parcel; "Frowsey," 1s.; "Kouldoog," 1s. 7d.; S. M., parcel and 2s. 6d.; D. S. (N.W.1), parcel; Anon., 1½d.; A. A. C., 6½d.; W. R. M., 2s. 6d.; T. N., 2½d.; J. S., £1; (Hitchin), 2s. 7d.; (Ripley), 1s.; "Musician," 2s. 6d.; A. W., "Sutton Coldfield," 5s.; A. F., 1s. 2d.; "New Year Ninth," 2s. 9½d.; "Carnarvon, N.W.," 2s. 6d.; J. C., 2s. 6d.; "Lancashire Lad," 10s.; "New Year Ninth," 7½d.; W. B., 1s.; "Sorrow," 1s.; "Cumbrian," 6d.; O. L. W., 1s.; W. F. C., 1s. 9d.; A. S., 2s. 6d.; "Calcot-Ottley," 4s. 6d.; A. M. (Southend), 5s.; "Irishman," 1s. 6d.; "Wellwisher" (Salisbury), 1s.; "Reddington," 2s. 6d.; "Crusoe," 1s. 6d.; R. H. L., 1s.; "Unlucky L. S.," 4½d.; "A. of V.'s," 2s. 6d.; "Benediction," 2s.; "To the Less Fortunate," £1; "Irish," 2s. 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.

THE RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 486 (BULLETS £2,000 OFFER) WILL APPEAR IN OUR ISSUE DATED JULY 7th, ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.

HINTS TO COMPETITORS

The New £1 Prizes.

The recent addition of a hundred new £1 awards to the *Bullets* prize-list has already justified itself in the many expressions of approval which we have received during the last few days. These prizes are awarded to those *Bullets* of distinctive merit which have been carefully discussed and considered by the adjudicators, but have just failed to receive one of the larger prizes. To see your name in the printed list of these hundred £1 winners is to know that your effort was only beaten in the last lap.

Early or Late?

It is quite time that the old, old controversy as to when to submit your *Bullets* was, once and for all, laid into its grave. To suppose that there is magic in either early or late entry is absurd. There is not. So far as adjudication is concerned, no advantage is to be gained either by early or late posting. Competitors are at liberty to submit their efforts when they like, but they should not imagine that a last-minute entry stands any better opportunity of success than the first entries received, or any of the others.

Is It True?

In a humorous *Bullet* the point often depends on some quaint exaggeration or over-statement of fact. But in a serious *Bullet*, accurate statement of fact must not be sacrificed for mere cleverness of wording. A good example of this mistake was a recent effort—"What France Wants—To 'Square' Business 'Circles.'" Such *Bullets* contain, perhaps, a neat twist of words or an ingenious double sense, but they fail because their meaning does not pass the test of "Is It True?"

Faulty Phrasing.

If you read over your *Bullets* before writing them on to the coupon, you may avoid a mistake typical of many efforts we receive. The slip is easy to make, but just as easy to avoid. To an *Example* such as "Long and Short" competitors will attach a *Bullet*—"Sensible Skirt Isn't Either," forgetting that the statement—"A sensible skirt isn't either long and short" does not read correctly. The intended meaning, of course, is clear, but the *Bullet* as phrased could only apply to the *Example* "Long *or* Short."

Altering the Examples.

Competitors have enquired whether they are allowed to use inverted commas or make other changes *in the Example itself*. This is not permissible. You must use the *Example* exactly as it is printed in the list, without addition or alteration of any kind. Clearly it would be unfair to other competitors to allow any tampering with an *Example* to suit a particular *Bullet*.

Humour Scores.

Of the last four First Prize *Bullets*, three have dealt with serious national topics—the air menace, the slums, and the housing problem. Last week, however, an altogether different type of *Bullet* headed the list, when Mr. Morley, of 42, Nelson Street, Daubhill, Bolton, won £250 with his own ingenious and witty effort—"Going By—Army Tailor Measures Recruit." He had previously won only novels and "Target" prizes, but humour has now brought him something more substantial. Competitors should remember that a *Bullet* which brings a smile is just as likely to lead to success as a serious effort. Get a laugh into some of your *Bullets*—it may pay you handsomely.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2nd. Prize £20

3rd. Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

100 Prizes of £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

4,000 "TARGET" PRIZES

NEXT WEEK "BULLETS" FIRST PRIZE WILL BE INCREASED TO £1,000.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 488.

THIS SUMMER
POOR STUFF
ALMOST
FAIR MEMBER
CHEAP HOLIDAY
POPULAR
CHILDREN'S HOUR
SUPERIOR OFFICIAL
WHILE YOU WAIT
WISE PARTNER
UNTRIED
A MOCKERY
IN THE WINDOW
LAST NIGHT
KEEPING QUIET
WHAT LIFE MEANS
HASTY JUDGMENT
SUDDEN CHANGE
HER CONSENT
SQUEEZED DRY
VAIN ATTEMPT
PARTING FRIENDS
ENCOURAGING
AT THE FINISH
BROAD HINT
IN HIS ELEMENT
AN OPEN MIND
ON THE CONTINENT
BRIGHT LAD
A DAY OFF
FINAL PLUNGE
ONE AFTER ANOTHER

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 488 purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 486, can now be seen in the window of Mr. Thomas Ashton, 62, Nelson Road, Daubhill, Bolton.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, **EACH** of which can **begin with any letter in the alphabet.** These specimens will guide you: *Example*.—OUR BABY *Bullet*:—AND FRANCE'S GIANT—AVIATION. *Example*:—YOUNG MOTHER *Bullet*:—FINDS "KEEPING YOUNG" DIFFICULT. *Example*:—RISKY MOVE *Bullet*:—SECRET SOCIETY ADMITS WOMAN. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ **ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO** "Bullets" No. 488, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, June 28.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(488) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 28.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(488) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 28.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(488) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, June 28.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(488) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

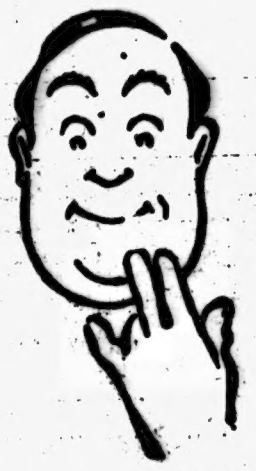
☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 488.

BALDWIN'S SLOGAN—MY HOLIDAY—IN REAL LIFE—CID AGENT—WHAT MATTERS MOST—BATHING—AN ACTRESS—SHOWPOSTER—GRANDMA'S WAY—HOT AND COLD—A BURGLAR—ON THE PARADE—RUNNING STREAM—UP TO ANYTHING—TASTELESS—WHAT TOMMY SAID—BRIGHT SPOT—BETTER EMPLOYED—THE BEST—HER FIRST.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JULY 19th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 488 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 488, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Thirty-two Examples for Competition No. 488.

The little more, and how much it is ——



The little less, and what worlds away ——

Fougasse

LEVER'S EASY SHAVING STICK

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, Canteens, etc.

B118—61

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